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"Catch me if you can, slow-coach!" he shouted.

**LANCE AND LASSO;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE CHACO.**

A TALE OF FOUR BOYS' SUMMER VACATION ON THE PAMPAS OF BUENOS AYRES.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOUR COMRADES.

FOUR lads, ranging from fourteen to seventeen years of age, were sitting on their trunks in one of the dormitories of the Tusculum Military Academy, discussing a grave project. "Now, fellows," said Jack Curtis, the eldest but one, "you know to-morrow's our last day in school. Two of us are going away for good and all from the old shebang, and won't eat any more of old Wolcott's spider puddings. Now, why can't you two other fellows get your folks to send you with us? It'll be prime fun, you bet! and if you must come back to school at the end of the holidays, at least you'll have a better time than you ever had before. Manuel's father says he'd like to take the whole school with him. My father says I can go, and I guess we can get your folks to consent. What d'ye say?" "My father wouldn't let me," sighed Louis Ledoux, the little black-eyed, curly-headed Louisianian. (The boys all called him "Kitty," from his soft ways and delicate face.) "He says I'm not strong enough; and mother declares she'll keep me home till I'm twenty. Hey! fellows, isn't it a shame? Guess I'll run away, when you fellows go." Tom Bullard, who was whittling out a boat with his knife, looked up. The boys all called him "Plug."

school was having no horse, for, like all boys, he loved a horse. He was rather short, but very broad and sturdy. He was a quiet fellow, too; you seldom heard of his fighting. But, for all that, he was feared by the bullies of the school, none of whom liked to meddle with "Plug." Of course there was a reason for this. No boy ever gets feared by a bully without having done something to deserve it; and Plug's reputation dated from his celebrated battle with "Dutchy." Now, "Dutchy" was a big, overgrown lout of a boy, of German parents. His real name was Charley Alker, and he was in the habit of bullying the smaller boys unmercifully, being stronger than they. A boy who does that generally turns out to be a coward, when he is set on by his equals; and so it proved with Charley Alker. One day Tom heard a great noise, and found "Dutchy" beating little Louis Ledoux with a base-ball bat, while poor "Kitty" was crying bitterly. Without a single word, "Plug" flew at Alker, who was a head taller than himself, snatched the bat from him, threw it away, and then "sailed into Dutchy," rough-and-tumble fashion. Before Alker knew where he was, the Western lad had him on his back, and punished him in such style that "Dutchy" was compelled to scream for mercy. That was Tom's first and last battle, and so badly was Alker beaten that he had to be put to bed for a week. After that, every bully fought shy of old "Plug." "Kitty" Ledoux, for his part, absolutely adored him, from the day of the battle. Manuel Garcia was the eldest of the group. The boys called him "Father Wiseman," on account of his grave ways. Manuel was head boy of the school, and was nearly six feet high at eighteen. He had a dark, handsome face, with black eyes, and his mustache was just beginning to sprout, which rendered him an object of great envy to Jack Curtis, who was seventeen. Jack also had a little down on his

upper lip, but it was so light in color that no one noticed it, although Jack did his best to call attention to it by constantly caressing the few hairs that he called a mustache. Manuel's mustache, on the other hand, was undeniable, and he was obliged to shave his chin three times a week, whereas Jack hardly dared to go to the barber's, for fear of being laughed at. Manuel was the son of a rich Spanish gentleman. He was born in New York, and was, therefore, much more of an American than a Spaniard. Don Luis Garcia, his father, after making considerable money in the South American trade, had settled in Buenos Ayres, where he had bought an immense estancia, or grazing farm, upon which were thousands of cattle and horses. Every year Don Luis dispatched cargoes of hides and tallow to New York, frequently coming on himself to superintend the sales. Jack Curtis' father was his New York agent, and at the time we open our story, Don Luis was in New York at Mr. Curtis' house, preparing to return to Buenos Ayres. It being so close to the holidays, and Manuel and Jack being about to leave school for good, Don Luis had given his son permission to invite as many of his schoolmates as could come on a trip to Buenos Ayres, and hence the discussion going on in Dormitory No. 17, Tusculum Military Academy. Jack Curtis was a strong, well-grown lad, full of fun and frolic, and always in scrapes. He was forever sticking crooked pins in Dr. Wolcott's chair, putting mice in the old gentleman's desk to see him start when they jumped out, and all such tricks, for every one of which he was regularly lectured by the Doctor. In fact, all or nearly all the mischief that was done in the school was laid on Jack's shoulders, and he was so perpetually in trouble that he had acquired from every one the name of "Pickle." During the last few weeks, however, Jack had been much quieter. The idea of leaving school, and becoming a man, had toned him down. For at least a fortnight "Pickle" had not been in any trouble. As for "Kitty" Ledoux, he was too gentle and good to get into disgrace, even at Tusculum, which had the reputation of being the strictest school on the Hudson. It was called a "Military Academy," because the boys dressed in uniform, and were drilled in the movements of soldiers. "I'll tell you what to do, Kitty," said Manuel Garcia, speaking for the first time. "Your father and mine are well acquainted in business, and I'll get mine to intercede for you, to let you come with us." "Why should not we all write a letter?" suggested Curtis. "We'll make a regular round robin of it, like the sailors do, and get my father to send a letter along with it." "Pickle's right," said Bullard, quietly. "Let's get it up at once." It doesn't take boys long to come to a conclusion. "Kitty" jumped up from his trunk, opened it, and produced the pretty little writing-desk, his mother's gift, which he had kept uninjured, when all the other fellows had smashed theirs. "Now, fellows," he said, "how shall we begin?" "Write what I tell you," said Garcia, "and you'll see I'll bring you out all right. Begin—my dear father—"

"Now, Plug, you take a turn," remarked Garcia, handing the desk to Tom Bullard. "Plug" took the desk, and wrote a few words, which he read aloud: "Please let Kitty go with us. He's a good little fellow, and I'll take care of him. Yours truly, T. BULLARD." "Good for you, Plug," said Curtis; now let me have a try: "Dear Sir: Tom Bullard, Garcia and I are going to Buenos Ayres next week, and we want Louis to go with us. We'll take good care of him, and bring him back safe if you'll only let him go. Yours very respectfully, JOHN CURTIS." "Now, fellows," said Garcia, putting the letter into an envelop, "that's done, and I'll take it to the post, right off. To-night we'll have a rousing time, and to-morrow we'll bid farewell to cold hash, fishballs, suet pudding, stale pumpkin pies, and old Wolcott, altogether. I'll tell my father, when he comes, if ever he has another boy, never to send him to Tusculum, if he doesn't want him to eat flies and spiders, boiled up in the plum pudding. Good-by." And Master Manuel went off down the passage, whistling. CHAPTER II. HOW IT ALL HAPPENED. A few days later, three of our four friends were seated together once more, but in a different place. It was in Mr. Curtis' parlor in New York. Mrs. Curtis was there, and Louis Ledoux's aunt Louisa, with Jack's sister, Ellen Curtis, and Louis' cousin, Mary Seaton, both young ladies of nearly eighteen. Old "Plug" was not visible. He had gone out for a walk all by himself, in his usual independent style, and had not been seen since breakfast. Manuel Garcia was talking to Mrs. Curtis, and Jack was very busy in a corner whispering with Mary Seaton. Poor "Kitty" was the only gloomy looking member of the party. He had not yet received an answer to his letter to his father, and began to fear he would not get the desired permission. His aunt Louisa and Ellen Curtis were both trying to comfort him, in different fashions. "If I were you, Louis," said Mrs. Seaton, "I wouldn't be cast down about it. Even if your father won't let you go, you can have a nice time with us. Mary and I are going to Long Branch, and you can have all the sea-bathing you want. Indeed, I think it would be very dangerous to let you go away down among all the wild beasts in South America. You're not old enough, yet." "I'm not afraid of wild beasts," said Louis, valiantly. "If I don't go with Plug and Pickle I don't want to go anywhere. So there," said Louis. And "Kitty" looked as sulky as he was able to look. While they were talking, they heard the sound of a key turning in the hall door, and Ellen jumped up, exclaiming: "There's papa, Louis! Who knows? Perhaps he has a letter for you." Louis brightened up at this, and followed Ellen to the door and into the passage, where two gentlemen were hanging up their hats on the rack. One of them was a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a bald head and mutton chop whiskers. This was Mr. Curtis. The other was a tall and remarkably handsome gentleman, with a dark, sunburned face, and long, drooping mustache, as black as a coal. It did not need Ellen's cordial greeting to convince Louis that this was Manuel's father, Don Luis Garcia. "Kitty" had not yet seen him, for he had been at his aunt Louisa's since he left school, and Mrs. Seaton had discouraged his going to see his friends, as she did not believe that the elder Ledoux would let Louis go, and she did not want him to be disappointed by false hopes. "Well, my boy," said Mr. Curtis, kindly; "do you know this is Don Luis, your namesake? Don Luis, this is the little fellow that's so anxious to go with you to Buenos Ayres—Mr. Ledoux's son." "And you are the 'Kitty' that Manuel and Jack so often talk about, are you?" said Don Luis, looking at "Kitty" with some interest. "Well, my boy, don't you think that you're almost too young to go all that distance alone? Suppose you were to fall sick, so far from home?" "Oh, please, sir, I never get sick," said Louis, eagerly. "If father will only let me go, I shall be so happy." "Well, then," said Mr. Curtis, smiling, "suppose I was to say that your father won't hear of it, what then?" Louis did not answer. His heart was too full. He just turned away silently, with tears in his eyes, and sat down in the drawing-room by Ellen Curtis' side. "Poor lad," said Don Luis, to Mr. Curtis, in a low voice; "you shouldn't have said that, Curtis. Now he'll have a crying time." As they went into the drawing-room, Mrs. Curtis rose to welcome her husband, and Jack jumped up, crying: "Hey, father, is Kitty to go with us yet? Poor little chap, he'll cry his eyes out if he don't." Mr. Curtis made no answer immediately, till his wife rung for dinner, when he said: "Boys, I had a letter from Mr. Ledoux today." Up jumped Louis in a moment, all eagerness. "Oh, please, Mr. Curtis, what did he say?" Don Luis Garcia turned round from where he was talking to Mrs. Seaton. "Don't tease him any more, Curtis," he said, laughing. "Let him know, Louis, your father says that you can go, if I will be responsible for you. How is it, my boy—do you think that you will give me much trouble?" Louis could hardly speak for joy. "Oh, indeed, Mr. Garcia, I'll be so good;"

he stammered; then turning to Jack, cried: "Oh, Pickle, I'm going, I'm going!" "But where is our young friend, Bullard?" asked Don Luis, as he looked round. "He's a peculiar boy, and I enjoy talking to him wonderfully. Where is he, Manuel?" "He went out, saying he was going to see Mr. Bixby, and we've not seen him since." "He's a very strange lad," remarked Mrs. Seaton, with a slight shiver. "I noticed him once playing with a huge knife, and asked him what he was doing. 'Practicing' how to slip it into a feller's in'ards," he answered, in the most cold-blooded manner. I declare, Don Luis, I should feel afraid to trust him with the rest, he's such a queer, outlandish boy." Don Luis laughed. "Oh, he won't hurt his friends, madam. It's only his sense of humor that carries him away sometimes." "Plug's the best-hearted fellow in the world," said "Kitty," indignantly. "I wonder you can talk that way, Aunt Louisa. Didn't he thrash Dutchy when he was lamming me with the base-ball bat? Plug is a regular brick. We wouldn't go if it wasn't for him." "Dear me, dear me, Louis," said his aunt, holding up her hands, "where do you learn such language, I wonder? Who's Dutchy, and what do you mean by a regular brick?" "Dutchy's the big Charley Alker, and I guess you'd have called old Plug a brick if you'd seen him giving it to Dutch," said Louis, enthusiastically. "Why, aunt, he bungled up both his eyes so he couldn't see out of 'em, and most broke his left arm. I guess Master Dutch had to leave me alone after that whipping." "Well, of all the boys!" said Aunt Louisa, with a sigh. "I wonder where you learned to talk so. I shall have to write to your father not to let you go away. I'm afraid that you'll get ruder than ever if you go to South America." "No, I won't!" said Louis. "You'll see, I'll be as quiet as can be, once I get away from these girls, teasing me and keeping me straight all the time." And Louis looked scornfully at the two girls; but at that moment the door opened, and the servant announced that dinner was ready. Close behind her came a broad, sturdy figure that was hardly recognized by any of them at first, till Curtis cried out: "Why, Plug, where have you been, and what have you been doing?" "Plug" grinned, but made no answer, till he had unloaded himself of a whole armory of weapons, which he laid on the table. "Been to see Bixby," he finally said, as he laid out a two-foot bowie-knife, a navy revolver, a repeating rifle, and a big cartridge-box, alongside of each other. Aunt Louisa backed away in great trepidation from the table, saying: "Good heavens, Mr. Curtis, how can you allow such dangerous playthings in your house? I hope they're not loaded, Mr. Bullard." Tom grinned again. "Every one of 'em, ma'am. You'd better keep away from the muzzles." "Which end is that?" asked the lady, nervously eying the weapons. "Will they go off alone?" "They're not apt to, ma'am," said Plug, coolly, "unless you happen to cock 'em and pull the trigger. They're just busters to shoot, they are!" "Busters! What is that, Mr. Tom?" asked the lady, innocently. "Rippers, ma'am; ring-tailed squealers; a hull team and a hoss to spare, with a yaller dawg hitched under the waggin." And Tom allowed the end of his tongue to bulge out one cheek, as he turned away to Jack Curtis. Tom was decidedly rude, but he had been brought up in a rough school, before he went to Tusculum Academy, and retained much of his native slang. "But where have you been, Tom?" asked Don Luis, who had listened to Mrs. Seaton and Plug with some amusement. Plug straightened up respectfully in a moment. "Went to see Mr. Bixby, sir, Uncle John's agent. Got him to telegraph for me to Kansas. Got this answer, sir?" Tom held out a piece of paper, on which was written a line of writing. Don Luis examined it, and couldn't help laughing. It was from Tom's queer old bachelor uncle out in Kansas, evidently in answer to some request of Tom's. It ran thus: "MR. BIXBY: Let him have a thousand dollars and go. JOHN BULLARD." "And so, first thing I did was to go and get the weepings," said Tom, quietly; "and then I made tracks for here, to be in time for dinner." "What a funny boy he is!" whispered Aunt Louisa to Don Luis, as they slowly proceeded to the dining-room. "Sometimes I feel afraid of him, with his queer ways." "Poor boy!" said Don Luis, with a slight sigh. "He has no father or mother to teach him good manners. We must remember that. My boy has no mother; and when I look at the two, I often think how God has been good in sparing me so long to take care of Manuel, till he is old enough to take care of himself. Tom Bullard is a wonderfully fine fellow, considering the way in which he has literally tumbled up, rather than been brought up." And a few minutes after they were all busy at dinner, in the course of which they found out that Mr. Ledoux had written a long letter to Mr. Curtis about Louis. Mr. Ledoux was a great sugar-planter of Louisiana, and Mr. Curtis was his agent, as well as Don Luis Garcia. One sent him sugar, the other sent hides and tallow, and he sold cargoes for both. To-day he had received news from Mr. Ledoux, a second time. "He says, boys, that he received your letter, and if Don Luis is willing to take charge

of you all, and will be responsible for your safety, he has no objection. He has also told me to see that you are properly fitted out, Master Louis, and to that end I am to get all that is necessary, and charge it to him. Are you satisfied?"

"Kitty" was almost too happy to answer. "And what did you write to your uncle, Master Tom?" asked Don Luis of "Plug," who was quietly eating his dinner beside Mrs. Curtis.

"Telegraphed that I wanted to go to Buenos Ayres, and wanted money to go," said Plug, laconically.

"Well," said Don Luis, smiling, "your uncle seems to have perfect confidence in you, from his answer."

"Why shouldn't he?" said Tom, quietly. "I never give him any trouble; and if I get into muzzes, I get out of them alone. That's the way to get on with uncle John."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Curtis, "now that it's all settled, you'll have to make your preparations at once. The Bonita sails on Monday next, and to-day is Wednesday. Don't go to getting any more guns and pistols, Master Bullard, for you won't need them in Buenos Ayres. It's not such a wild place as you think."

"The best thing you can do, boys," said Don Luis, "is to come with me to-morrow, and I'll show you what you'll want. Then you won't waste your money."

And so it was settled; and the next day saw our boys, with Don Luis, going from store to store, purchasing heavy coats for sea, strong trousers for riding, weapons, and every thing else except saddles and bridles. Don Luis told them that they would not need those, as there were plenty at Buenos Ayres.

CHAPTER III. GOING TO SEA.

On a broiling hot morning in July, the good ship Bonita lay alongside the wharf in the North river, while our four boys stood on the quarter-deck, with Don Luis, waving their handkerchiefs to a group of ladies in a carriage on the wharf. Outside, in the dock between the wharves, a little black steam-tug was puffing and blowing, as she backed out, at the end of a long rope, under whose influence the Bonita began slowly to move away from the shore.

"Kitty" Ledoux's face was not without a trace of sadness on it. After all, he was very fond of his Aunt Louisa, who was exceedingly kind; and he was leaving her for no one knew how long.

Jack Curtis, too, was going away from father and mother, and although he would not have staid behind, still, the sight of their grief at parting affected him sensibly.

Manuel Garcia seemed to be not altogether happy, either, though he was with his father. The fact was, that Manuel, with his handsome face and dark eyes, had been greatly taken with Jack's sister, Ellen Curtis, and almost felt inclined to give up his voyage, to remain with the blue eyes and sunny curls of the pretty New York girl. But it would never do to confess this; so Manuel hid his feelings away, along with a lock of hair that came from his adored one, which he kept in a pretty gold locket.

The only thoroughly happy one of the party was old "Plug." Tom had commenced sailor's life as soon as he got on board, and was already perched on top of the spanker boom, with his legs dangling, while he whistled "A Life on the Ocean Wave," with the full power of his lungs.

Don Luis was waving his hat, and the Bonita glided slowly out of the dock and into the stream, where the intervening vessels soon shut out the view of the people on shore.

Now they saw the wharves full of shipping gliding by rapidly, while their course was constantly crossed by the great ferryboats to Hoboken and Jersey City, and rival steam-tugs shot up and down at either side. Then there were numbers of sloops and schooners, with their white sails swelling out to the wind, the foam dashing up under their bows, as they plowed through the waters. In a little while the black steam-tug backed water, taking in the long rope as she did so, and came alongside of the Bonita, when she was secured to her at bow and stern, with strong fastenings, after which they steamed ahead once more. Now the captain of the Bonita, who had been down in the forward part of the vessel, came back to the quarter-deck, and began to shout orders to the sailors through a black speaking-trumpet that he held in his hand.

The novelty of every thing interested our boys, and soon made them forget their sober feelings at parting. With Don Luis, they took their seats on the extreme end of the vessel, which is called the taffrail, and watched every thing going on with great interest. Even Manuel knew but little of the sea.

As for Jack and "Kitty," to them it was all new, and the latter never wearied of asking questions of his kind friend, Don Luis.

"Please, sir, why does the boat come up to us instead of dragging us?" was his first question.

"Because we are going out through a narrow and crooked channel," said the Don. "There are places in it where it turns sharp round, and where the water on each side is quite shallow. Now, if we were to keep at the end of our tow-ropes, we might swing quite out of the channel, and stick in the mud in one of these places, whereas, if we keep close to the tug, we both go where she does."

"But how do you know where the channel is?" asked "Kitty."

Don Luis pointed to a man standing near the captain, who every now and then spoke a word to the latter.

"That man is the pilot," he said. "It is his business to take vessels in and out, and he does nothing else all the time. The edges of the channel are marked by buoys—"

"Kitty" stared and laughed.

"By boys, Don Luis! Oh, you're fooling, ain't you?"

Don Luis laughed also.

"Well, well, my lad, the buoy I mean is a different kind of boy. A buoy—b-u-o-y—is a small keg, or a float of some kind, which is fastened to a rope or chain, the other end of which is anchored to a rock. The buoy floats on top of the water, and marks the rock underneath. There is a row of buoys on each side of this New York channel, as soon as it gets narrow. So you see we have to go between them to be safe, and the pilot knows, from long experience, just where to look for them."

"How long does he stay with us, sir?" asked Jack Curtis.

"Till we get outside Sandy Hook," responded Don Luis. "Then he leaves us and goes to his own vessel, one of those pretty schooners that you see, now and then, with a huge number on her mainsail. Those are the pilot-boats."

This brought inquisitive "Kitty" to the front with a new question. He had been brought up away from the sea, and actually

knew hardly anything about vessels. But he had made up his mind to know all he could get out of Don Luis; and the good-natured estanciero was a good deal of a sailor. The Bonita belonged to him, and he frequently made voyages in her; so that he had acquired considerable knowledge of seamanship.

"Please, Don Luis," said "Kitty," as the estanciero spoke of the pilot boats; "what kind of a ship do you call that?" and he pointed to a low black vessel with one mast, and enormous sails that went skimming past them, swift as an arrow, as they came abreast of Governor's Island.

"That's a sloop yacht, my boy," said the estanciero; "that is, a vessel meant for nothing but pleasure-sailing and sport, sloop-rigged."

"And what's sloop-rigged?" asked "Kitty."

"We call vessels with one mast sloops," said Don Luis. "You see that one has one mast, and a big sail that goes from the front to the rear, what we call fore and aft. Above that she has a triangular sail, called a gaff topsail, sloop. Yonder vessel with two masts, and the same kind of sails, is a schooner. Now look at our own vessel. You see she has three masts, and that all her sails are fastened to sticks going across the vessel, not fore and aft. Those sticks are called yards, the sails square-sails, and our own vessel is a true ship. Remember, that everything you see afloat, from a boat to a man-of-war, is a vessel, but nothing is a ship that has not got three masts, and is not square-rigged on all. A square-rigged vessel with two masts is called a brig."

"But why do they have so many different kinds of ships—vessels I mean, sir?" asked Jack Curtis. "Why shouldn't they be all of one kind?"

As he spoke, the captain shouted out some orders; and the men who had gone up on the yards let go some ropes, when down fell the white sheets of canvas in graceful festoons, swelling out under the favorable breeze that blew from the coast of Jersey.

Don Luis pointed to a schooner that was just crossing their bows to go up the river. She was laid over by the breeze, till her copper showed for several feet, and was struggling hard against a head tide.

"See yonder schooner," he said. "She was built expressly for going up and down our broad American rivers, where the wind is sure to be contrary to just one-half of the vessels, going in opposite directions. What she needs is a rig to enable her to go slanting to and fro, from side to side, what is called 'beating up' and 'tacking.' Her sails set themselves, you see, and swing round from one tack to the other, alone. All she needs is a man at the helm, and another to 'tend jib,' as it is called. Now our ship is meant to go in stormy seas, where she may have to take in her sails bit by bit. Consequently you see there are a great number of them, so that we may always be easily able to find out how much she can stand. And then, another point. Our ship is meant to go before the wind, or on one tack for very long periods, and these square sails send a ship much faster before the wind than those fore-and-aft ones. Look there. See that other schooner that we are overtaking, though she goes the same way that we do. She is going before the wind, and see how her sails swing out on each side. That is called going 'wing and wing.' A square-rigged ship can almost always beat a schooner at that, as we are beat by them in short tacks. So you see there's a reason for schooners and another for ships, and so also for all other kinds of vessels. People wouldn't build them in different ways if they didn't find it pay them."

Here the Don broke off in his lecture, to point out the shores of Staten Island, and a shoal of porpoises playing in the waves, between them and the shore.

"We shall see plenty of those out at sea," he said. "Those are porpoises, which the French and Germans call sea pigs. They look something like them, and their flesh is very similar to pork."

Louis was delighted with the sight of the porpoises, as they came to the surface of the sea with a grand rush, described a graceful curve in air, and then went down again to parts unknown, leaving the spray glittering in the bright sunshine.

Now the breeze began to freshen, as they passed through the Narrows and emerged into the lower bay. The sailors began to come down from the yards, where now all the sails were hanging in festoons, thundering and flapping loudly. In a few minutes afterward the tug cast off her fastenings, the sailors on deck seized hold of the long ropes called "sheets," which run from the lower courses of all the sails, and stretched the great squares of white canvas tight between the yards. Then the Bonita bowed over her lofty masts as she felt the canvas, and away she went, with her head pointed toward the blue line of sea, between Sandy Hook and Coney Island, the white foam parting under her cutter.

The Bonita was a fast ship, and every stitch of canvas was soon spread. The breeze was from the north-west and therefore favorable for her. Soon the boys noticed some men out on the ends of the yards, pushing out the long, slender sticks through rings at the yard-arms on each side. The captain of the Bonita, whose name was Gregson, was standing near by, as Luis asked him:

"Please, captain, what are those men doing?"

"Rigging out stunnail booms," said the captain, and turned away, for he didn't want to be bothered just then. Don Luis beckoned to "Kitty."

"You mustn't talk to the captain till you get out to sea," he said. "A captain is always anxious about his vessel when there are rocks or shoals around, and never feels safe till out of sight of land. What do you want to know?"

Louis repeated his question about the studding-sail booms, and Don Luis told him:

"You see the breeze is very light yet, and we want to take advantage of it, so we rig out those booms, and presently you'll see them send up the sails from on deck."

And sure enough, in a short time after, first one sail and then another was fastened to long, thin ropes, and hauled up to the ends of the studding-sail or stunnail booms, till there was a cloud of canvas on the ship, under which her hull looked like a speck. In less than an hour afterward, the pilot was on his way shoreward, and the Bonita, under all sail, was heading south-easterly toward the distant coast of Africa.

CHAPTER IV. OCEAN LIFE.

BEFORE they had gone many miles outside of Sandy Hook, the breeze freshened to a considerable wind, and the ship leaped along like a live thing, going at a tremendous pace, for she was very sharp and swift, of the build called *clipper*.

But if the Bonita sailed fast and looked

pretty, she also began to roll and pitch considerably, and with very distressing effects to our boys. First of all "Kitty" gave in, and became terribly seasick. Don Luis sent him down to his berth, wishing that some one would only put him ashore, and that he had never come to sea. "Pickle" and "Plug" stood it out bravely together for some time, each taunting the other with being sick at first, but it was no use. All the jokes they could muster wouldn't keep off the enemy; and first, "Pickle" and then "Plug" became awfully sick. Jack Curtis went below, but old "Plug" declared he wouldn't go down while he could stand; so he kept the deck, miserable as he was; and, as soon as the first attack was over, he drank something which Don Luis gave him, and felt much better; and the end of it was that Tom, by sheer pluck, beat the sea-sickness and staid on deck till sunset. Manuel and his father were both exempt, the latter from having been on so many voyages, the former being one of the few fortunate ones who never get sea-sick.

So they bowed pleasantly along; and after a long night's sleep, the sick ones awoke in the morning, so much better, that they were able to enjoy the scene when they came on deck.

All around them, as far as the eye could see, was one blue, unbroken waste of ocean, bounded by a blue line, the horizon. Here and there in the extreme distance were a few white specks that they knew must be sails. The land was nowhere to be seen, and the ocean was curling in short, glittering waves, under the same fresh, cool breeze that had wafted them from Sandy Hook. The contrast between the dull, weltering heat on the docks, the day before, and the fresh, delightful coolness of the open sea, was wonderful. The sea-sickness of the boys was quite gone, for a time, and they enjoyed the scene greatly.

Louis, Jack and Manuel were sitting in chairs on the shady side of the quarter-deck, inquisitive "Kitty," as usual, asking questions, this time of Captain Gregson, who turned out to be a very kind, pleasant man, now that he was not busy. Don Luis was gone forward to smoke a cigar, and "Plug" was invisible for the time.

"Please, captain, how long will it be before we reach Buenos Ayres?" asked "Kitty."

"Well, in about six weeks, with good luck," young Gregson answered.

Louis had brought out a large school geography, with which he was trying to follow out the course he was to pursue.

"I suppose," he said, wisely, "we shall pass close by the West Indies and the mouth of the Amazon; captain, and keep close to South America all the way."

The captain smiled.

"We should be a long time getting there that way. First, we should meet the Gulf Stream, which would delay us. Next we should be pretty sure of contrary winds till we crossed the line, besides the chance of a hurricane in the West Indies; and, lastly, that very current of the Amazon you speak of would put us out of our way several days. Where do you suppose we are heading now?"

Louis looked at the map.

"For Cape St. Roque," he said, confidently. "Not a bit of it, my lad. For Cape Verd."

"But that's in Africa," said Jack Curtis. "Isn't that going out of our way?"

"No, for we shall most probably have constant breezes from the north-west till we get there. In this part of the Atlantic we look for that. After nearing Africa we cross the equator and get into the *Doldrums*, where it's all ways more or less calm. Still, we get out of the help of the African current, and then come into the South Atlantic Ocean, in the south-east tradewind, which will carry us straight to Buenos Ayres without shifting a sail. So that, you see, though we go a greater distance, we save time, by having a fair wind all the way."

Here Captain Gregson turned away and looked up at the main-top.

"Who's that skylarking up there?" he called out.

The boys looked up, and beheld the well-known visage of Tom Bullard, looking over the edge of the top as he stood, holding on to a shroud.

"Plug" for all answer to the captain's question, took aim at Jack Curtis with a hickory nut which he had in his pocket, and struck him full on the top of the head, the nut bouncing off and taking Captain Gregson on the nose.

The captain started and looked angry for a moment. Then he laughed, and shook his fist at Tom, crying:

"I'll pay you for that, you scamp. Do you know what happens to green hands when they get up in the rigging for the first time?"

"No," said Tom, coolly. "Do they hurt 'em if they catch 'em, cap?"

"You shall see," said the captain, laughing. "Here, Mr. Hutton, send a couple of the men up after that young gentleman, and make him pay his footing."

Mr. Hutton was the first mate, and he too began to laugh. It was evident to the boys that something funny was to happen. They could see the sailors in the fore-castle looking up and laughing to each other, as they watched Tom.

"Here, Striker, you Antonio, go after him," said the mate, still laughing; and immediately two of the sailors separated from the rest and ran to the main rigging, which they began to ascend.

One of them was a big, heavily-built Englishman, with broad shoulders and long legs. Tom's eyes had noticed him, on account of how he great size and strength, when they came out of New York. Striker was a gloomy, somewhat sullen-looking man, with temper none of the best, but known as a first-rate hand, aloft. Antonio, his companion, was a dark, swarthy Italian of middle size, but very broad and compact.

As these two men commenced ascending the main-rigging, it was clear that they had some designs on Tom, for Striker wore a grim smile on his face, and Antonio was chattering Italian to a comrade on the deck below as fast as he could talk, sometimes pointing toward Tom.

The Western lad allowed them to come up a few rungs of the ladder, hardly seeming to notice them, when Don Luis came out of the cabin door, and took in the situation at a glance.

"Away with you, Tom," he shouted, cheerily. "If those men catch you, they'll tie you up in the rigging till you pay them. Up to the cross-trees, quick!"

And then Tom started.

Now, "Plug" had not the least idea where the cross-trees were. He had not yet been long enough on a ship to know the names of things. But he knew that it was a case of "Catch me if you can," and although no sailor, Tom was what was better, under some circumstances. He was a skillful gymnast. Many a time in the old Tusculum Academy had Tom led the game of "Follow my leader" through the gymnasium, climbing up ladders with his hands, jumping over ropes, swinging

over horizontal and parallel bars, and again playing leap-frog over the wooden horse. In a moment he was into the topmost rigging, and climbing rapidly up to the head of the mast, where two cross-pieces of timber, at the heel of the topgallant mast, seemed to him just like the "cross-trees" Don Luis directed him to.

Tom was right. They were the cross-trees, and he got there before the two sailors reached the top. A shout of encouragement from the deck greeted him.

"Go it, Plug," cried Curtis, below, who had been watching the sailors and Tom with the eye of a connoisseur in gymnastics. "You can beat them, and give them the start, you can. Up higher, old fellow."

Tom looked down and saw the two sailors, one on each side of the mast, coming up at a run. He looked upward. There were no more *rattines* now, no cross-pieces to rest the feet on. Four stiff black ropes led from the cross-trees to the head of the topgallant mast, and up these Tom saw that his way must lie. Without a moment's hesitation he seized one in each hand, and putting his knees and shins out against the ropes, commenced to scramble up, just like a cat. It was a trick he had often practiced in the gymnasium on two smooth poles; and the sticky, tarred rope, with its rough surface, made the task infinitely easier. For all that, it seemed to surprise the sailors, who shouted with laughter, bantering their two comrades in the chase after Tom.

Again Tom reached the end of his ropes, and saw nothing above him now but the smooth mast, which, as the vessel was in motion, seemed to sway to and fro with wonderful swings, considering the gentle roll on deck. Tom looked around him and then below. It was plain that he could go no higher, except by "swarming," and even then he was bound to be taken at last. Already Striker, the grim smile on his face expanding as he neared the boy, was coming up the topgallant rigging, shining a single rope. Antonio had stopped at the cross-trees at the other side of the mast, as if to cut off his retreat in that direction.

"Plug" began to think of fighting, when he heard Manuel Garcia's voice on deck, shouting:

"Hey, Plug, come down on the main-topgallant stay; quick, or they'll get you! There it is, in front."

Plug looked where Manuel pointed, and found a stiff black rope, that led from where he was, in a slant, downward and forward, to the head of the foretopmast. With a cry of defiance he had grasped it and swung out from the mast, clapping the rope with arms and legs at once, and gliding rapidly down toward the foretopmast.

But while he thus eluded Striker, who was left behind in the middle of the main-topgallant rigging, he could not shake off Antonio. Before the cheers of the quarter-deck and the jeers of the sailors had died away, Antonio was seen to swing himself out on the *topmast stay*, a similar rope, parallel to and below the topgallant stay, and was fairly on his way to the foretop before Tom had reached the fore-crosstrees.

Now the cheers rose again for Antonio, and Tom, who was wonderfully quick at learning, went skimming up to the foretopgallant rigging like a monkey. He had a vague idea of going somewhere from thence, but he hardly knew where as yet. By the time he arrived at the foretopgallant mast-head, Antonio was at the cross-trees below him; and Striker, who had now reached the main-topgallant stay, was coming down it hand over hand, promising to be at the fore-crosstrees as soon as Antonio.

The blood of both sailors was up, to be beaten at climbing by a mere landsman, and a boy at that, like Tom.

At the foretopgallant mast-head Tom paused a moment. There was, it is true, a stay leading forward to the end of the jibboom; but it was occupied by the rings of the foretopgallant staysail, which was set, and looked too hazardous to slide down. But Tom saw that there were other stays yet, still higher up the mast. The jib-stay and flying jib-stay were both there, and the flying jib was not set. Up the smooth mast climbed "Plug," his progress being sensibly slower now, while his two pursuers, on the rougher ropes, doing their best, were slowly nearing him.

At last, when he reached the jib-stay, big Striker was just beginning to shin the mast, but Antonio had disappeared. "Plug" uttered a shout of triumph, and strained harder than ever upward. He was at the flying jib-stay at last, and looked down. The long reach and great strength of the English sailor had given him the advantage in the last pull up, hand over hand, and he was already within six feet of Tom.

"A miss is as good as a mile," shouted the boy, with a scornful laugh; and next minute he was shooting down the flying jib-stay, like a swallow on wing.

But Tom had reckoned without his host when he thought Antonio had given up the chase. That astute individual, foreseeing that Tom's course must end at last at the tip of the jibboom, as soon as he saw that "Plug" was swarming upward still, caught the foretopgallant *backstay*, and came down on deck like a flash, whence he ran out to the heel of the bowsprit, and there awaited our young friend's appearance. He heard Plug's shout of triumph, saw him come shooting down on the stay, and instantly jumped up and ran out on the jibboom to intercept him.

Like a flash, the gallant Western lad glided down the stiff rope, and reached the extreme end of the flying jibboom. Then he turned round to run in, laughing to think of how he had outwitted his pursuers, and saw himself confronted by the broad, sturdy figure, and dark, glittering eyes of Antonio.

"Aha, signorino, me got you now, *per bacco!*" cried the sailor, showing his teeth, half in glee, half in anger. "You pay for dis chase, you see!"

Tom cast a glance upward, as he stood leaning on the flying jib-stay, panting for breath. Big Striker was already coming down the stay, and in a moment more he would be a prisoner, if he stayed.

"Catch me, if you can, slow-coach," he shouted, as he flung his cap in Antonio's face. Then he leaped far out into the foaming brine, under the out-water of the Bonita.

"Man overboard! Man overboard!" was the instant cry, as the men rushed to the side, throwing ropes.

Before Tom reached the stern he had caught hold of a rope, and was hauled on board, wet, but safe.

"Well, Cap," he observed coolly, to Gregson; "next time you send your men after a fellow, make sure that he hasn't been to gymnasium, will ye?"

And Tom was free to the Bonita's rigging for that voyage.

(To be continued.)

In Paris they take their cod-liver oil in bread, 300 loaves being used daily in the children's hospitals alone.

A KISS FOR A SONG.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Darling, if I pay you well,
Will you sing a song for me?
To the chime of lily-bell
And the bag-pipe of the bee?
Sing me something low and sweet
Suited to the quiet here;
I will pay you, I repeat,
I will pay in kisses, dear.

Current coin kisses are,
In the happy realm of love,
When, as now, the vesper star
Trembles in the blue above,
Sing, my darling, while I hold,
In my own, your loving hand,
Of some secret flowers told,
For their words you understand.

Sing me something that shall be
Half as sweet as lips of thine;
Sing, and I will listen, dear,
To this singing-bird of mine.
Let me kiss you ere you sing,
I will pay you, now and when,
You have sung your song to me
I will pay you, dear, again.

THE

Headless Horseman.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE MYSTERY MADE CLEAR.

THE accused paused in his recital. No one offers any observation—either to interrupt or hurry him on.

There is a reluctance to disturb the chain of a narrative, all knew to be unfinished, and every link of which has been binding them to a closer and more earnest attention.

Judge, jury and spectators remain breathlessly silent; while their eyes—many with mouths agape—are attentively turned upon the prisoner.

Amid solemn stillness he is permitted to proceed.

"My next idea was to cover the body with the cloak—as well as the serape still around the shoulders. By so doing, it would be protected from both wolves and buzzards—at least till we could get back to fetch it away."

"I had taken off the cloak for this purpose; when a different plan suggested itself—one that appeared in every way better."

"Instead of returning to the fort alone, I should take the body along with me. I fancied I could do this, by laying it across the croup, and lashing it to the saddle with my lasso."

"I led my horse up to the spot, and was preparing to put the body upon him, when I perceived that there was another horse upon the ground. It was that lately ridden by him who was now no more."

"The animal was near by browsing upon the grass—as tranquilly as if nothing had happened to disturb it."

"As the bridle trailed upon the ground, I had no difficulty in catching hold of it. There was more in getting the horse to stand still—especially when brought alongside what lay on the ground."

"Holding the reins between my teeth, I lifted the body up, and endeavored to place it crosswise in the saddle."

"I succeeded in getting it there, but it would not remain. It was too stiff to bend over, and there was no way to steady it."

"Besides, the horse became greatly excited, at sight of the strange load he was being called upon to carry."

"After several attempts, I saw I could not succeed."

"I was about to give up the idea, when another occurred to me—one that promised better. It was suggested by a remembrance of something I had read, relating to the Gauchos of South America. When one dies, or is killed by accident, in some remote station of the Pampas, his comrades carry his corpse to their distant home—strapped in the saddle, and seated in the same attitude as though he were still alive."

"Why should I not do the same with the body of Henry Poindexter?"

"I made the attempt—first trying to set him on his own horse."

"But, the saddle being a flat one, and the animal still remaining restive, I did not succeed."

"There was but one other chance of making the home journey together—by exchanging horses."

"I knew that my own would not object. Besides, my Mexican saddle, with its deep tree, would answer admirably for the purpose."

"In a short while I had the body in it, seated erect, in the natural position. Its stiffness, that had obstructed me before, now served to keep it in its place. The rigid limbs were easily drawn into the proper stride; and with the feet inserted into the stirrups, and the water guards buckled tightly over the thighs, there was little chance of the body slipping off."

"To make it more thoroughly secure, I cut a length from my lasso, and wrapping it

lay my hand upon it, the horse was at full speed.

"At first I was but a little alarmed; indeed not at all. I supposed I should soon recover the reins, and bring the runaway to a stand.

"But I soon found this could not easily be done. He had strayed forward, almost to the animal's ears; and I could not reach them without laying myself flat along the neck.

"While endeavoring to secure the bridle, I took no heed of the direction in which the horse was taking me. It was only when I felt a sharp twitching against my cheeks that I discovered he had forsaken the open tract, and was carrying me through the chaparral.

"After that I had no time to make observations—no chance even to look after the lost reins. I was enough occupied in dodging the branches of the mesquites, that stretched out their spinous arms as if desiring to drag me from the saddle.

"I managed to steer clear of them, though not without getting scratches.

"But there was one I could not avoid—the limb of a large tree that projected across the path. It was low down—on a level with my breast—and the brute, shying from something that had given a fresh start, shot right under it.

"Where he went afterward I do not attempt to say. You all know that—I believe, better than I. I can only tell you that, after unhorsing, he left me under the limb, with a lump upon my forehead and a painful swelling in the knee; neither of which I knew any thing about till two hours afterward.

"When my senses came back to me I saw the sun high up in the heavens, and some scores of turkey buzzards wheeling in circles above me. I could tell by the craning of their necks what was the prey they were expecting.

"The sight of them, as well as my thirst—that was beginning to grow painful—prompted me to move away from the place.

"On rising to my feet, I discovered that I could not walk. Worse still, I was unable to stand.

"To stay on that spot was to perish—at least so I thought at the time.

"Urged by the thought, I exerted all the strength left me in an effort to reach water.

"I knew there was a stream near by; and partly by crawling—partly by the help of a rude crutch procured in the thicket—I succeeded in reaching it.

"Having satisfied my thirst, I felt refreshed, and soon after fell asleep.

"I awoke to find myself surrounded by coyotes.

"There were at least two score of them; and although I had no fear—knowing their cowardly nature—I was soon brought to a different way of thinking.

"They saw that I was disabled, and for this reason had determined upon attacking me.

"After a time they did so, clustering around and springing upon me in a simultaneous onslaught.

"I had no weapon but my knife, and it was fortunate I had that. Altogether unarmed, I must have been torn to pieces and devoured.

"With the knife I was able to keep them off, stabbing as many as I could get a fair stroke at. Half a dozen, I should think, were killed in this way.

"For all that it would have ended ill for me. I was becoming enfeebled by the blood fast pouring from my veins, and must soon have succumbed, but for an unexpected chance that turned up in my favor.

"I can scarce call it chance. I am more satisfied to think it was the hand of God."

"On pronouncing this speech the young Irishman turns his eyes toward heaven, and stands for a time as if reflecting reverentially.

Solemn silence around tells that the attitude is respected. The hearts of all, even the rudest of his listeners, seem touched with the confidence so expressed.

"It showed itself," he continues, "in the shape of an old comrade—one oftentimes more faithful than man himself—my staghound, Tara.

"The dog had been straying—perhaps in search of me—though I have since heard a different explanation of it, with which I need not trouble you. At all events, he found me; and just in time to be my rescuer.

"The coyotes scattered at his approach; and I was saved from a fearful fate—I may say the jaws of death.

"I had another spell of sleep, or unconsciousness—whichever it may have been.

"On awakening I was able to reflect. I knew that the dog must have come from my jacket, which I also knew to be several miles distant. He had been taken thither the day before by my servant, Phelim.

"The man should still be there; and I bethought me sending him a message, the staghound to be his bearer.

"I wrote some words on a card, which I chanced to have about me.

"I was aware that my servant could not read; but on seeing the card he would recognize it as mine, and seek some one who could decipher what I had written upon it.

"There would be the more likelihood of his doing so, seeing that the characters were traced in blood.

"Wrapping the card in a piece of buck-skin, to secure it against being destroyed, I attached it to Tara's neck.

"With some difficulty I succeeded in getting the animal to leave me. But he did so at length; and, as I had hoped, to go home to the hut.

"It appears that my message was duly carried; though it was only yesterday I was made acquainted with the result.

"Shortly after the dog took his departure I once more fell asleep—again awakening to find myself in the presence of an enemy—one more terrible than I had yet encountered."

"It was a jaguar.

"A conflict came off between us; but how it ended, or after what time, I am unable to tell. I leave that to my brave rescuer, Zeb Stump; who, I hope, will soon return to give an account of it—with much besides that is yet mysterious to me, as to yourselves.

"All I can remember since then is a series of incongruous dreams—painful phantasmagoria—mingled with pleasant visions—ah! some that were celestial—until the day before yesterday, when I awoke to find myself an inmate of a prison—with a charge of murder hanging over my head!

"Gentlemen of the jury! I have done."

"*Si non vero ben trovato*," is the reflection of judge, jury, and spectators, as the prisoner completes his recital. They may not express it in such well-turned phrase; but they feel it—one and all of them. And not a few believe in the truth, and reject the thought of contrivance. The tale is too simple—too circumstantial—to have been contrived, and by a man whose brain is but just recovered from the confusion of fevered fancies. It is altogether improbable he should have concocted such a story. So think the majority of those

to whom it has been told. His confession—irregular as it may have been—has done more for his defense than the most eloquent speech his counsel could have delivered. Still it is but his own tale; and other testimony will be required to clear him. Where is the witness upon whom so much is supposed to depend? Where is Zeb Stump? Five hundred pairs of eyes turn toward the prairie, and scan the horizon with inquiring gaze. Five hundred hearts throb with a mad impatience for the return of the old hunter—with or without Headless Horseman—with or without the Headless Horseman—now no longer either myth or mystery, but a natural phenomenon explained and comprehended.

It is not necessary to say to that assemblage that the thing is an improbability—much less to pronounce it impossible. They are Texans of the south-west—denizens of the high upland plateau, bordering upon the "Staked Plain," from which springs the lovely Leona, and where the river of Nuts heads in a hundred crystal streams.

They are dwellers in a land where death can scarce be said to have its successor in decay; where the stag struck down in its tracks—or the wild steed succumbing to some hapless chance—unable by wild beasts devoured, will, after a time, bid defiance both to the laws of corruption and the teeth of the coyote; where the corpse of mortal man himself, left unconfined and uncovered, will, in the short period of eight-and-forty hours, exhibit the signs and partake of the qualities of a mummy freshly exhumed from the catacombs of Egypt!

But few upon the ground who are not acquainted with this peculiarity of the Texan climate—that section of it close to the Sierra Madre—and more especially among the spurs of the Llano Estacado.

Should the Headless Horseman be led back under the live-oak, there is not one who will be surprised to see the dead body of Henry Poindexter scarce showing the incipient sign of decomposition. If there be any incredulity about the story just told them, it is not on this account, and they stand in impatient expectation, not because they require it to be confirmed. Their impatience may be traced to a different cause—a suspicion, awakened at an early period of the trial, and which, during its progress, has been gradually growing stronger; until it has at length assumed almost the shape of a belief.

It is to confirm or dissipate that that nearly every man upon the ground—every woman as well—chafes at the absence of that witness, whose testimony is expected to restore the accused to his liberty, or consign him to the gallows tree. Under such an impression, they stand interrogating the level line—where sky and savanna mingle the soft blue of the sapphire with the vivid green of the emerald!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 205.)

Bowie-knife Ben, THE Little Hunter of the Far Nor'-west.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"
"THE HOUSES, THE SCOUTS," "DEATH-KNOTCH, THE
DESTRUCTIVE," "ONE-ARMED ALF," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.
A FEARFUL RIDE.

FOR over a week following the events of the preceding chapter, the weather had continued unusually open and warm. The snow had begun to melt, and the smaller streams had thrown off the shackles of winter, and begun their murmuring song. The hoarse "hoo" of the wild-geese, and the harsh "caw" of the crow, heralded the coming of spring.

Bowie-knife Ben and his party kept close in camp during this "soft weather," though to Captain Graham each day was as a month, so eager was he to get back to the Valley of Shadows, and make further inquiries into the mysteries of the grim old sphinx that guarded the valley, and ascertain, if possible, whether or not the bullet of the red assassin had proved fatal to her whose face was ever before him.

At length, however, a day suitable for a journey to the lake dawned, and the captain, accompanied by Larry O'Ray, went up. The weather was still warm when they left, but Ben, who rather opposed their going, said, on the eve of their departure:

"You may regret it, cap'n. If my signs are right this time, and they've never failed me heretofore, these fine days are weather-breders, and about to-night we'll have a regular old nor'-western that'll blow the breeches off you. That'll likely be snow, too, fur the month of March are full of squalls that beat January ones while they last."

Despite Ben's prognostication of the weather, Graham and Larry went up to the lake. It was noon when they reached the head of the Valley of Shadows. They scanned the grim old Wolf and its silent surroundings, but not a sign of life was visible. Far beyond, they could see that the center of the lake was open, and that across its bosom great floes of ice were being driven by the wind.

Around the shores the ice still maintained its position, extending over fifty rods out from the bank. This rim, however, had become cracked and rotten, and was liable to be broken up at any moment by the combined action of the surging waters beneath, and the warm wind and sun above.

It was at once arranged that Larry should pass around the valley on the north and Graham on the south, the two to meet at the point where O'Ray would touch the lake.

Separating, each one set out upon his course, keeping within the dense undergrowth, and a sharp look-out for any sign that would be evidence of the Wolf not having been deserted entirely.

When he found himself alone, Graham at once gave way to mental reflections that were both pleasing and painful, judging by the expressions of his face. He was a man of some four and twenty years, and while he lacked that effeminate beauty of an Adonis, of which the sentimental novelists prate, he excelled in physical manhood and intellectual culture most men of his age.

Free of heart, he had plunged into the wild excitements of the West to wear off, in the open air and by lively exercise, the growing ennui that he had been contracting by the sedentary requirements of his profession. Ever since his debut into society had he withstood the charms of the fair sex of his native city, notwithstanding his fondness for the society of the ladies; and when he left home, he was under no pledge of eternal fidelity to any fair one. His comrades believed his heart invulnerable to woman's charms, and often chided him on his want of true appreciation of the opposite sex. But, little did these comrades dream of the true state of their leader's heart during the past winter. They would never have done with teasing him had he told them openly that he was in love with a woman whom he had

never seen, except by the reflection of her face in the clear, limpid waters of the Otter Tail lake.

The young man moved on briskly, observing many of the precautions that he had been taught by Bowie-knife Ben. An hour's walking brought him to the lake, but he had made no discoveries whatever. The wind, which had been gradually changing from the south all day, was now blowing a stiff gale from the east, and far out in the middle of the lake, where the ice had broken up, he could hear the sullen swash of the waves as they beat upon the ice that still fringed the shores.

In order to reach O'Ray, Graham would be compelled to pass around in front of the Wolf upon the ice; and it was with no little trepidation of mind that he descended to the lake and began picking his footsteps carefully across the rotten ice. He had made half the distance, and was just in front of the Wolf, when a prolonged, retreating roar, like that of a cannon, suddenly greeted his ears, and he felt the ice beneath his feet tremble, as if under the jar of an earthquake.

He paused and gazed around him, when several more reports, but not so loud as the first, forced a terrible reality upon him. The ice upon which he stood had broken loose from the shore for fully half a mile to the right and left, and was drifting out into the open lake, in the mean time breaking up into small floes.

Seeing the awful danger that threatened him, Graham rushed toward the shore, but before he could take a dozen steps, there was a boom and a surge, and the ice upon which he was adrift broke into pieces. He was left upon the inward floe, which, although half an acre in area, was the smaller of the two, and drifted rapidly to sea, cutting off all hopes of his escape.

This was a very unpleasant situation for the young man, and not a little perilous. The ice, being soft and brittle, and in such an immense body, was not likely to withstand the straining of the waves, and at any moment it was liable to be broken up, when Graham must be hurled into the seething depths below.

To call attention, and if possible, immediate assistance, were his first thoughts. He shouted at the top of his lungs, but elicited no response. He fired his rifle, but the wind was against him. Being a hundred yards from shore, now, it was not likely human ears could hear his signals of distress. At least, such were his conclusions; but why did he not cast his eyes toward the summit of the Wolf? A tiny flag fluttering there might have given him some hope. But in his peril he thought only of Larry O'Ray—his only hopes were in being seen by him. But even these hopes afforded him little relief, for he was satisfied that there was not a canoe upon the lake; and even if there were, it could never be managed upon the tossing waters amid the crashing, grinding floes, many of which were acres in size.

In fact, the only chance of escape that he could see lay in his being drifted across to the opposite end of the lake, and even this would be attended with many dangers. An enemy might be there to receive him, or the returning current prevent the near approach of the floe to the shore. Moreover, the day was wearing rapidly away, and the prophesy of Bowie-knife Ben was coming true. A storm was gathering in the clouds above, and it threatened to be one of those fearful "snow-squalls" peculiar to March in this latitude.

more dangerous any that he had ever known, and trapper than a storm in the dead of winter.

The wind drove the floe rapidly out, further and further into the lake. Graham was compelled to take a position on the lee side of the ice to escape being washed overboard by the waves that were dashed up half across the ice-floe.

To add discomfort to his perilous situation, the wind became damp and chilly. He was not clad sufficiently to prevent suffering, and the sudden change from warm to cold was all the more severely felt.

The wind gradually shifted into the north-east, and then the storm that had so long been gathering broke forth. The air became filled with whirling, flying snow-flakes, shutting off all view of the surrounding lake, and adding new horrors to the situation.

The sun went down soon after the opening of the storm; then followed a darkness black as Erebus.

Half an hour later, the floe upon which Graham was adrift received a terrible shock, its leeward side pitching high into the air and there remaining motionless. The young man was thrown violently down by the sudden shock, and it was only with quite an effort that he was enabled to regain his feet. When he did, it was to find that one side was down and the other up. In a moment the truth of the situation flashed across his mind. The floe had grounded upon a sand-bar in the middle of the lake, still adding new dangers and terrors to his already trying ordeal. He was compelled to use his rifle as a brace to keep his feet at all; and in a few minutes more another floe was driven up against his own, lapping several yards over it, and sinking the lower side still deeper in the water.

Another and still another lodged and lapped around and upon his ice-floe, and soon a mighty pack was wedged around him, and all chances of going adrift again cut off, while the wind rained in its present quarter.

Despair at length took possession of the young man's breast. He felt that Ben's words had been, alas! too prophetic. He was satisfied that he could never escape the perils and rigors of the night. Already his limbs were growing numb with cold, and it required every effort of his failing strength to battle against the still worse and more subtle enemy—Sleep, the companion of Cold. He could not see his hand before him, the air was so densely filled with the flying snow, and the darkness so intense. The wind moaned and shrieked in demoniac glee around him. The waves dashing among the jumbled ice-pack, and the breaking, lapping, floes crushed, wrenched and ground each other—all filling the very soul of the young man with terror.

He arose to his feet and attempted to keep warm by moving around. He thrashed his arms about his body and stamped his feet vigorously. But his efforts were all in vain. Dangers with the horrors of the Cimmerian gloom multiplied around him. His blood ran more sluggishly, and gradually he lost the powers of will; a strange, drowsy, dreamy sensation, filled with startling, pleasurable emotions, was stealing over his senses—a sensation that he could not conquer.

He rallied his failing strength into one effort and lifted his voice to Heaven in prayer. But the mad wind choked back all utterance as it rushed across the lake, driving the cutting sleet into his face and chanting a requiem of horrible mockery. The great ice-pack creaked and groaned as it rose and fell with the surge of the angry waters.

Ice, wind and waves seemed endowed with a life of evil, and battling with each other like demons for the life of the almost unconscious man.

An infinitude of forms were now passing before his mind; his brain was yielding to the double influence of sleep and cold; he reeled like a drunken man; he grasped at imaginary forms like a delirious; he staggered and fell. No groan escaped his lips; no struggle convulsed his form. He lay motionless as death, while the icy fingers of the north wind toyed with his damp locks and wove a mantle of white around his now unconscious form!

CHAPTER XXIV.
O'RAY'S ADVENTURES.

We will now go back and look after Larry O'Ray, whom we left to pursue his way around the north side of the Valley of Shadows. After leaving Captain Graham he moved on quite briskly with his usual recklessness—notwithstanding his superiority as a hunter and scout. He soon reached the lake, and as Graham had not yet made his appearance at their point of meeting, he seated himself to await his coming.

The sound of voices, a minute later, greeted his ears, and peering through a thicket of tangled undergrowth that shut out a view of the valley, he saw two female forms approaching, apparently unconscious of his presence.

One of them was tall and graceful, with a beautiful form and face; the other short and stoutly built, with a full, red face which instinctively told Larry she was a woman of his own nationality. The former could not have been over eighteen years of age, the latter two-and-twenty. In the eyes of Larry, the stout woman was far handsomer than the frail, fairy-like creature that walked by her side, and he feasted his eyes upon her full, healthy, pleasant features with a smile of delight playing upon his own bearded face. He was rendered speechless by the sight, but when the girls finally stopped and seated themselves upon a rock, his first impulse was to rush from his concealment and let his presence be known, but, summoning a little discretion, he mastered his emotions and remained quiet—bent his ear and listened.

"And ar'n't yees toired, me darlint!" he heard the short, stout woman ask as they seated themselves.

"A little, Nora," replied the maiden; "it is hard work climbing that hill."

"Indade it am, choild; and wees had better go no further for fear the beastly Ingins might be around. It wur mighty near, yeess know, that an ugly red rascal came killing yeess a few noights ago."

"Yes, Nora; although I was only stunned by the bullet, it came near ending my life."

"Wirrah! and the red varlet 'il never do the likes ag'in, me swate Zora, for it war him that wees found dead next mornin' roight where the shot war foired from."

"Nora, do you think that young stranger, called Graham, slew that Indian or knew naught of its being done?"

"Oh, Nora, I can never think so. But, what would he, a gentleman of birth and education, ever care for the daughter of an exile—a fugitive from the laws of his native land? Oh, dear! Nora, I sometimes wish I was dead."

"Och, now, me darlint! don't say sich wicked things, or yeess 'il break the heart av Nora MackCarthy, so yeess will—oh!"

A sudden noise like the distant boom of a cannon startled them, forcing the exclamation from Nora's lips. It was several minutes before they could trace the cause to its proper source. The rim of ice along the shore of the lake had broken loose and was drifting out into the lake. Far beyond the Wolf they beheld the figure of a man adrift upon a floe of ice. It was Sydney Graham, whom the eyes of the beautiful girl called Zora, recognized at the first glance.

Like a startled fawn the maiden sprung from the rock—ran down the almost precipitous declivity, and sped across the valley toward the Wolf, closely followed by Nora, her maid.

Larry was ignorant of the cause of their sudden departure, and he began creeping through the thicket to obtain a better command of the valley and lake. A rustling in the bushes arrested his attention. He stopped and glanced quickly around him. His eyes met a pair of scintillating orbs glowering upon him from a dusky, painted face. Both he and the savage seemed transfixed by the sight of each other. Like jungle-tigers they stood glaring at each other, the hot breath coming hard from each half-open mouth. A diabolical gleam kindled rapidly in the warrior's eyes, but it was met by the cool, deadly flash of the Hibernian's steel-gray orbs. The face of the one twitched and quivered with the fierce animal passion struggling in his breast to escape, while a faint smile, that was even terrible in its expression, wreathed the face of the other. But this lasted only for a moment. Like the panther when he springs from his covert upon the unsuspecting quarry, each foe shot through the air and grappled hand-to-hand.

A desperate struggle ensued, in which every physical energy, fired by a deadly animosity, was exerted. Neither one had drawn a weapon, and the contest was to be decided in favor of the one possessing the greatest skill and endurance. At times they were down, rolling here and there like two animals in each other's deadly grasp; now upon foot, reeling and spinning to and fro in a waltz of death. At times they would cease to struggle, and remain as motionless as death, though their bleeding, lacerated faces and shoulders quivered with the pent-up convulsions of their maddened brains.

They fought on for several minutes. Neither had gained the slightest advantage, for they were well matched. But, suddenly, Larry felt the Indian's grip loosen upon him; something warm fell upon his hands. He raised his eyes, and to his wonder saw it was blood spurting in crimson jets from a bullet-hole in the savage's forehead.

With a convulsive stiffening of the limbs, the savage lost his balance and fell to the earth.

Larry drew a breath of relief as he gazed around him for the friend that had fired the deadly shot. He felt sure that Graham had done it, but he was unable to tell, so intent had he been in his struggle with his foe, from what direction the shot had come.

He waited several minutes, but to his surprise his friend did not come. He shouted his name aloud, but there was no response. It now occurred to him that the shot might have been intended for himself, by a friend of the savage, who, by a sudden movement of the head, had received the fatal ball. In fact, as no one appeared, this seemed altogether probable, and for fear of a repetition of the shot, he took his rifle and that of the savage,

and hurried away toward the head of the Valley of Shadows. Arrived there, he halted only for a moment. He was satisfied that Graham was in trouble, or else the sudden breaking up of the ice had prevented his passage around to the designated point of meeting. To make certain his suspicions were correct, he tracked the captain around to the lake, but here his trail disappeared.

Larry at once began retracing his footsteps toward camp, hoping to find that the captain, unable to pass around the lake, had returned there.

It was dark when he came within hearing of their fortified camp. The sharp report of firearms greeted his ears as he neared the place, and in an instant a terrible fact rushed across his mind: the post had been attacked by the Indians and a desperate conflict was going on. The woods and valley surrounding the building seemed literally swarming with the foe, cutting off his chances of joining his besieged friends. He resolved, however, to make an effort to that effect, and continued his approach.

As before stated, the building occupied by the hunters was a stone structure that had been erected by a party of traders and trappers. It was located at the edge of a narrow wooded valley, and built back against an abrupt acclivity. It was provided with every available means of defense, and with sufficient accommodations for a dozen men. A little stream of water running through the valley passed under one corner of the building. Since the trappers had deserted the building, a fringe of willows had grown up along its banks, extending up to the very walls of the post; and it was under cover of this shrubbery that O'Ray began his dangerous approach toward the house.

He crept forward on his hands and knees, and to his joy soon found himself near the cabin. The most dangerous part was yet to come. There was an opening between him and the door which, he had not a doubt, a dozen pairs of savage eyes were watching. Before making a rush for it, however, he stopped and listened. All was still outside as it was within. He could see lights within the house twinkling through the open loop-holes, and now and then he could see dark figures passing to and fro between these lights. Not a savage was to be seen, but, suddenly, a fierce yell rent the air, and then from the woods to the south rushed two-score of frantic warriors.

Larry crouched down in the bushes. He saw a dozen tongues of fire shoot suddenly from the walls of the post, and the clash of as many reports succeeded.

The savages were repulsed; they turned and sought the cover of the woods, though not a cry or groan told whether one had been hit or not.

Now was Larry's time, and rising to his feet, he rushed across the opening to the door, upon which he gave two or three raps.

He saw the lights within were immediately extinguished; he heard the rush of feet upon the floor. A moment passed, then he heard the door being unfastened, and finally swing open.

Quick as a flash he sprang into the dark room, and the door was slammed shut and fastened.

"Arrah, now, boys!" he exclaimed, "and it's a lovely toime yeess are having."

A groan and apparent struggling in the room was the only response that greeted his ears.

A chill crept over him.

"Howly Mother, and who's hurt?"

As if in answer to his question, a light flooded the room, and the scene that met his eyes was sufficiently terrifying to have paralyzed a braver, stouter heart than his.

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"

UNCONFESED.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

The lingering echo of a word
When weeping thou from me didst part,
In dreams of thee is often heard
Resounding loudly in my heart;
And then I feel each painful throes
I felt upon that very eve
When lonely I was left in woe,
And thou from me didst turn to leave.

It is a charmed, saddening spell,
In which the heart's deep yearnings wake,
When lingering echoes of farewell
The quietude of hearts must break;
And oh, it flows with weary wing
Though silver-toned was its soft sound,
A sadder tone than it could bring
Was in its lingering echo found.

Sad was the voice that farewell spoke,
And bright the sparkling tears that fell;
But from that echo, oh, there broke
Something far sadder than farewell.
While mingling memories of thee
In Hope's immortal wreath are twined,
Forgotten it shall never be,
A welcome place it there shall find.

Lone in the dreariness of night—
When birds are hushed within their nest,
And when the fading hues of light
Are dying in the distant west—
Watched upon the evening air,
Sweet as a flower's hydromel,
Is the memory of a parting
The echo of thy last farewell.

I felt the pressure of thy hand,
Thou slowly, trembling didst withdraw—
Laid in mine through thy heart's command;
I never thee so radiant saw.
I knew thy heart a word contained
Which thou in accents couldst not tune,
And hidden, smothered it remained,
It might have proved a precious boon.

Dost thou too often think of this,
When pillowed lies thy resting head,
And dreams of unforgetten bliss
Recall the words thou wouldst have said
Had not the thrill of parting grief
Of one whom thou dost still adore
Breathed comfort for thy soul's relief,
Enshrined it there forevermore?

I saw the tears so willing wept
By thy fair eyes of mournful brown,
Whose lashes held them ere they crept
Thy cheeks of snow and crimson down;
And as my eyes the luster caught
Of thy dark silken hair in braid,
My soul, with admiration fraught,
Could not dream of a sadder maid.

Thy form, I see it vanish yet,
Mid somber shadows of the night;
Thine image I will never forget—
Though gone, 'tis ever in my sight.
And still the sound will come to me
Of that last word which sadly fell,
When I in pleading questioned thee,
Thou couldst have said more than farewell.

The Moor-Captives:

OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF THREE YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PURSUIT.

Next day Sir Thomas Harcourt determined, in utter desperation, to have an interview with Lionel.

He could not but believe that the young sailor was in the scheme.

It did not appear possible that a girl like Kate could have carried out so energetic a plot.

Lionel Montague received his visitor with cool and provoking indifference.

"Run away, have they?" he said. "Well, I am not surprised. When a man violates every code of honor, and from a guardian becomes a tyrant and a brute, what can you expect?"

"Boy, beware! I am not a man to be provoked for nothing," replied the baronet.

"But I am not a boy, as you well know; I am a man; and, thank Heaven, free from your power and influence," coolly rejoined Lionel.

"You will not tell me where these foolish girls have hid themselves?"

"I will not."

"Then you know where they are?" he continued, white with passion.

"I have every reason to believe them safe," he answered, "and I shall not betray them."

"That jade, Kate, has some hand in this," observed the baronet.

"Sir Thomas Harcourt, when you speak of the lady I intend to make my wife, please to do so with proper respect," said Lionel, in a frigid tone.

"Your wife, sir?" responded the baronet, starting back, both amazed and annoyed.

"Yes, my affianced wife, and, as such, one whom I expect everybody to mention with courtesy and respect."

"Miserable fortune-hunter," cried the baronet, dashing out of the room, and ordering his carriage to be driven to the house of Mrs. O'Byrne.

"Where's Miss O'Byrne?" he said, entering the drawing-room with scant ceremony.

"Heaven!" cried the startled lady, "is she not at your house?"

"No. What does it all mean? Has she eloped with the other two girls?" roared the irate baronet.

"Eloped! Great Heaven! what is the meaning of all this?" cried the lady.

Sir Thomas explained.

"That young whelp, Lionel, is at the bottom of it all," he added. "He tells me that he is engaged to be married to your daughter."

"Some silly boy and girl nonsense of the kind did pass, but wholly against my will. But surely she has not been foolish enough to run away with him?" said the mother, alarmed at the prospect of a very much diminished income.

"He does not deny knowing where they are, but refuses to give any information. He must be watched. Mrs. O'Byrne, you must be frank and truthful in the matter. You really know nothing?"

"I was always frank and truthful with you," sneered Mrs. O'Byrne. "Had you been the baronet instead of the younger son, I should have married you."

"I am aware of your kind intentions that way," said Sir Thomas, "but at the present time I prefer marrying your daughter. But sparring is not our game just at present. If these three mad girls get away and find some officious idiot to make them wards in chancery, we are ruined."

"How ruined?" gasped the lady.

"I have no money left. Under solemn promises of securing them the fortunes of my wards, I have obtained money from Lord Ravensbourne and Sir Charles; the former has exhausted his resources; the latter is unwilling to part with the residue of his possessions."

"And my annuity?" gasped the poor lady.

"Is gone, unless you recover your daughter. You know our bargain—two thousand a year for life, in exchange for your influence with Kate," continued the baronet.

"Am I to be left to starve?" she cried.

"It appears so. I have no immediately available means; at all events, if we keep quiet and say nothing, you have unlimited credit. I believe you occasionally sign your daughter's name to checks," he added, with a cold-blooded sneer.

"Sir Thomas!" she faintly ejaculated.

"At all events, some one does," he continued; "I have them all from the bank."

"But you will not betray me?" she said. "I am sure it was only to save Kate the trouble."

"Get Kate back, insure my marriage with her, and you shall have these little proofs of indiscretion at your own disposal," he answered.

With which words he left the room, and rushed off to his club to meet his two confederates.

"I'll call him out," cried my lord of Ravensbourne, alluding to Lionel.

"You can call spirits from the vasty deep," replied Sir Charles, "but will they come?"

"Better have him watched," observed Sir Thomas; "keep somebody on his track."

"I know. John Coyne, a reputed sleuth-hound, an old Bow street officer."

"Hem!" put in the colonel; "rather a pert fellow."

"By the way, what about money?" suddenly cried Lord Ravensbourne. "I have not the small sum of one half-penny, and John Coyne will not move under ten guineas."

"Until quarter day, I am equally impecunious," said Sir Thomas.

"Now, really, this is too bad," put in the colonel, who was sipping brandy and water and smoking a cigar; "I know what all this means. You fellows want a check."

"Well, for a day or two," began my lord.

"You will be amply repaid," said Sir Thomas.

The young guardsman rose, put on his hat, and led the way to his chambers.

Idle, dissolute, and ready for any thing to replenish his exchequer, there was a healthier tone in this man than in either of his confederates.

They were utterly selfish and unprincipled, while he was one of those men who, while they have any thing of their own, would share it without a thought.

On reaching his chambers, he ordered some champagne to be put on the table, and devising, plotting and scheming, the hours passed away.

About two o'clock John Coyne, the retired Bow street officer, was ushered in.

The young lieutenant walked down to the Admiralty, took his final instructions, and strange to say, walked to the coach office, secured one place by the six o'clock coach, dined in the neighborhood, and started for Southampton.

Meanwhile, the detective enjoyed himself, thoroughly.

He ordered a rump steak and onions, wrote a letter, *quasi* for his poor mother, and went out to post it.

He never was without some hangers-on waiting round the corner, and a quarter of an hour later Lord Ravensbourne had a letter.

About eight, Mr. John Coyne grew uneasy. The time for departure was unpleasantly near, and no lieutenant.

Half-past eight and the detective became very miserable.

The two places had been carefully booked, but why was the young officer so late?

Ten minutes to nine, and Mr. John Coyne rushed round to the coach office.

Hanging about the premises, were Sir Thomas, my lord, and the colonel.

Mr. John Coyne explained.

"Something wrong," urged Sir Thomas; "you had better speak to the coachman."

Mr. John Coyne did, and was told that Lieutenant Lionel Montague had taken his departure at six, with his compliments to the able seaman, *alias* steward, and if he liked to follow, he might.

"Sold!" cried Sir Thomas.

The detective looked very much as if he could commit an assault, but he restrained himself, hiding his mortification as much as possible.

"Nothing lost," said my lord, "let us follow. He will never think of starting in the night."

So it came to pass, that the whole four started that night for Southampton, which place they reached about two o'clock in the morning.

They drove to the residence of the port-admiral, who was entertaining a few friends.

Lord Ravensbourne and his companions, noted personages as they were, met with a cordial reception.

"By the way," said Sir Thomas, after some unnecessary verbiage, "my nephew Lionel is in your town."

For him, love meant chivalrous fidelity, complete devotion, unquestioned belief in the person he loved or esteemed.

William Ashurst, the traveler, was an enthusiast; a young man, who, with an ample fortune, devoted himself to discovering new outlets for commerce, and above all for civilization.

"A fine position, Lionel," said Captain Thomson. "Captain and king of all you survey; and with three such charming ladies on board. Suppose you won't introduce a fellow?"

"With the utmost pleasure," replied the young naval officer, laughing; "only you are such a general favorite."

"But you don't want them all three," said the large-hearted Saxon.

"One is engaged to me, the second is my sister, the third my cousin," smiled Lionel. "Ladies, allow me to introduce my friends, Captain Thomson, and Mr. William Ashurst."

"Very pleasant beginning of a long voyage," said the captain, who really did not know what to say, so timid was he in the society of ladies.

"I hope we shall find the journey pleasant in every way," added the traveler.

"If the weather is like this," replied Edith, "we shall be agreeably surprised."

"Is that another ship?" said Kate, who had been looking to the northward.

"It is another vessel," replied Lionel, "and rather a smart sailor."

"It's a yacht," put in his lieutenant. "I know it well; it's Lord Descartes' Sea Swallow."

Lionel bit his lip.

"Sir Charles' cousin," he whispered to Kate; "they are on our track. But never mind, even if they had the Lord Chancellor on board, I will defy them."

"Pursued already!" she cried.

"Yes, and by those who will have no mercy if they have the power," continued Lionel.

"Fellow seems going our way," said Captain Percival Thomson.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Lionel, gravely; "one word with you."

And drawing them away into the cabin, he told them all that the reader already knows.

"Heaven! what an unmitigated scoundrel," cried the gallant captain.

"A merciless sinner!" exclaimed William Ashurst, quietly. "I would rather die than give them up to his authority."

"He shall reach them over my body," said Lionel, gravely. "But it is better to ignore what power he may have. Crack on stunsails, Morgan."

And with a strange glitter in his eyes, and a snake-like smile, he left the room.

One hour later, John Coyne, Bow street runner, went on board with an order signed Descartes, for the yacht to start for the island of Malta, and to take on board "my nephew Charles, and any friends he may select."

It was a grand way of carrying out a daring plan at little or no expense.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE WAVES.

LIONEL MONTAGUE had seen through the detective at once.

He knew that Sir Thomas would exert himself in every way to prevent the escape of his wards.

When, therefore, a strange man, with very little of the manners and appearance of a genuine sailor, applied to him, he had his suspicions.

A few words with the landlord of the hotel satisfied him as to the identity of the personage.

His mind was made up at once.

He hurried off to the Admiralty, got his papers, and being something of a favorite with the secretary, got him to telegraph for the Argosy to leave as soon as ever her commanding officer was on board.

Lionel allowed no grass to grow under his feet.

He went to the hotel where Mrs. Bacon had taken up her abode, and found that, with her young charges, she was at the port-admiral's.

Hastening there, he intimated his wish for them to go on board at once, and his wishes were commands.

Twenty minutes before the arrival of Sir Thomas in Southampton, the gun-brig was under way.

About ten o'clock on the following day, all passengers were on deck.

In addition to Mrs. Bacon and her three young charges, there were two other passengers, one of whom was a captain in the army, the other a civilian, well known as an explorer and traveler.

Captain Thomson was one of those big, stout, burly men, with huge whiskers, large brown eyes, and who appear to have, somehow, enlarged hearts.

His warm affections once in question, he never retreated.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

They were on deck again, and the ladies, seated near the companion-way, were soon joined by the gentlemen.

Both the captain and the traveler felt redoubled interest in them now.

Captain Thomson seemed particularly attracted by Edith, while the traveler was undoubtedly fascinated by Jessie.

These two girls, fair and delicate-minded in the extreme, were still unconventional.

This was a great charm. It is in woman. "The strange vessel is gaining on us," said one of the old salts. "Pears to me she wants to speak us."

"She may want," said the first lieutenant. Lionel, as acting lieutenant in command, was called captain.

Every one almost knew that the commanding officer wanted to avoid the yacht, and everything that seamanship could do was done to urge the gun-brig to its utmost speed.

"She's a frightful old tub," said Lionel, as he saw the yacht was gaining on them.

"I thought her tolerably swift," replied Captain Thomson.

"Yes, as compared to merchant vessels. But that is a clipper—half American, I believe," replied Lionel. "I tell you what, Mr. Morgan, we must give her the go-by in the night, or she will overhaul us."

"But what have you to fear?" inquired his subordinate, in a hesitating tone.

"A writ from the Lord Chancellor. If I am ordered to give up my passengers, I, as an officer under government, must obey."

"True, true; well, we can run upon another tack. There is no moon until eleven," replied the young officer.

"Good; then while we are at supper change her course. Let me see—south-west will do. When I come on deck, I will return her to her usual course," said Lionel.

A very pleasant friendly party met at supper that night.

The girls were in all the flush and excitement of their escape, their male friends were agreeable and pleasant.

Lionel, secure of his mistress, the darling of his heart, was a good caterer, and allowed none of his real uneasiness to become apparent.

"What could Sir Thomas do," asked Kate, after some general conversation, "should he be on board the yacht?"

"Nothing now; but the moment we put into any port, the law would be on his side," replied Lionel.

"And would you give us up to him?"

"Yes, unless—" and he hesitated.

"Unless what?"

"Well," whispered Lionel, "he could not take my wife away from me."

Kate looked down and blushed.

"You know what I told my mother," she faltered.

"I scarcely recollect."

"I will not marry him until I am of age, without your consent, mamma; but I will never marry any one else," she urged.

"Then I suppose I must give you up to him," he said, in a dubious tone of voice.

"Never! If it comes to that, I shall consider it a duty I owe to myself, to place myself out of his power."

"You will marry me?" he said, in a tone of deep and heartfelt delight.

"Yes, I have given you my heart, and no other man shall ever obtain even a corner of it. Rather than place myself in the power of Sir Thomas—well, I will place myself in yours," she replied, laughing.

"We must make for Gibraltar; there are both judges and clergymen."

"Let us hope you will escape him altogether," urged Kate, and the conversation became more general.

Now Lionel Montague was the soul of honor, and for no personal gratification would have done anything to forfeit the character of a gentleman; but he almost hoped that the baronet might win the race, if it was to hasten the hour of his felicity.

When, however, he went on deck, he found it a dark, black night, and the yacht nowhere to be seen.

When morning came, except a huge, fat, and lazy homeward-bound Indianman, there was not a sail in sight.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CRESCENT FLAG.

It was several days afterward when the Argosy, all sails set, passed within sight of Gibraltar.

The yacht had not been seen.

Doubtless it had passed there in the night, and was on its way to Malta, there to waylay the gunboat.

"It's a fine-looking place," said Mrs. Bacon, as they exchanged greetings with the glorious old fortress by means of flags; "and pleasant too. I was there three years with the General."

At this moment a gun was fired, and then a xebec, a small masted vessel, shot out of the harbor.

The Argosy was compelled to lay to, and wait the arrival of the dispatch boat.

"Hilloa!" cried Lionel, as he watched the deck of the sloop, "my friend the detective, by all that is unlucky!"

"I will pitch him overboard," said Captain Thomson, quietly.

He was quite an enthusiast in the cause of the girls by this time.

"He shall never come on board here," was the dry remark.

"Ship ahoy!" cried a voice from the approaching sloop. "What name?"

His majesty's ten-gun brig Argosy," was the reply.

"Letters for his majesty's gunboat Argosy," was said, "and a passenger."

"Throw your letters on board, and your passenger overboard; I have no room here," cried Lionel.

The letters were thrown on board, the vessels laying to, alongside one another.

"So you won't take me on board?" said Mr. John Coyne, in a loud voice. "Ain't I engaged as steward?"

"I want no rascally spies and thief-takers on board my ship," was the answer. "Square away the yards."

And despite the threats of the discomfited officer, the Argosy set sail and took her departure.

The letters were from Sir Thomas and a local solicitor, demanding under the severest penalties the restoration of his wards.

"I suppose it will come to that," said Lionel, gravely.

"I think not," replied Mrs. Bacon; "there are always two sides to a question."

The captain and the traveler had by this time won considerably upon the girls.

They were straightforward, upright men, and deserving to the last degree.

"No judge would sympathize with such a fellow as Lord Ravensbourne," said the captain.

"Sir Charles has very little better reputation," observed the traveler.



"They are on our track, but I will defy them," said Lionel.

"Besides, my husband is well known, and I would not have taken them from legal custody unless for good reasons," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Rather a queer-looking craft coming up," observed Lieutenant Morgan, in a low tone.

"I don't like the look of her at all."

"What is it?" asked Lionel, in the same tone.

"A Barbary cruiser, alias a pirate, and a large one too," continued Morgan.

"She won't tackle one of his majesty's gunboats," cried the young commander.

"I don't know that," said Morgan; "they have done some very audacious things lately. I should not be too sure."

"We won't beat to quarters," replied Lionel, "but pass the word round for every one to be ready."

"And keep the ladies out of sight as much as possible," urged Morgan. "If they see them, they are sure to fight."

Lionel was very grave as he walked across the deck to where the ladies stood, and asked them into the cabin to lunch.

It was a very miserable time to him, but he concealed his feelings as much as possible.

Presently Morgan came down, ostensibly for a glass of wine, but his look was sufficient.

"Keep company with the ladies, while I see to some details about the ship," he said.

Then he went on deck.

The cruiser was only two miles off, had hoisted the crescent, and was bearing directly down upon them. She fired a gun.

"Beat to quarters," said Lionel; "we must fight."

Now gunboats were not particularly well manned, and the Barbary corsair was a large and well-manned vessel.

Still, no English man-of-war ever yet surrendered without a contest.

At the tap of the drum every man was in his place.

The ladies came running on deck, followed by Polly Snapper.

"And what are you beating a drum for?" cried Mrs. Bacon, sharply.

"I am sorry to say, ladies, that you must return below. Yonder impudent fellow wants to stop us on the king's highway."

"A pirate?"

"An Eastern slaver, which is the same thing," replied Lionel. "But we shall beat the rascal off."

And taking Kate by the hand, he led her back to the cabin, advising all the ladies to assume recumbent positions, as by that means they would be below the water mark, and thus safe from all missiles.

"Be brave, my Kate," whispered Lionel; "I shall have you in my heart all the time."

"God bless and guard you."

In the hour of distress and peril, the captain and the traveler allowed the depth of their feelings to be displayed.

They parted with the young ladies as men who knew they were going into deadly peril.

All then went on deck.

The two male passengers were armed with carbines, pistols and swords.

Both excelled in the use of all weapons.

The corsair fired the first volley, at once revealing her true character.

At once the English vessel responded.

But gallantly, splendidly, though the English fought, they were clearly outnumbered.

The crew of the pirate were four to one.

"What think you?" asked Lionel of Morgan, as he stood, bleeding from several wounds, on the deck.

"We can not strike," was the manly reply, "but we shall be overpowered."

"They will give no quarter, my men," shouted Lionel, as the corsair came alongside, and a mob of Moslems came yelling and shouting on the deck.

A fearful contest ensued, in which the English were crushed by excess of numbers.

Only when every officer lay bleeding on the deck, and the men were driven below, did the corsairs prevail.

A fearful shout of triumph then arose as the pirates rushed into the cabin.

Five English women made up a prize, indeed.

They were snatched up, each by one of the blackamoor crew, and carried on deck.

"A man-of-war close on board," roared one of the pirates in English—a treacherous renegade.

"Haul off," shouted the chief, in the same language; "leave the infernal dogs to sink."

Some of the ruffians had stove in the larboard streak.

The corsair spread all sail, and hastened to put itself a safe distance from the fresh man-of-war.

One fight with an English cruiser in one day was enough.

As soon as the corsairs were clear away, the gallant remnant of the crew burst on deck, and finding the ship sinking, hoisted a reversed ensign.

The frigate, such as it was, put out all its boats, and dashed for the gunboat.

Killed, wounded, and survivors were taken out.

Just in time, for ten minutes later the Argosy sunk beneath the waves.

CHAPTER X. THE SLAVE DEALER.

The rush of the Moslem corsairs and their renegade adherents on board had been so sudden, and their capture of the women so rapid and unexpected, that the females were in a state of utter bewilderment.

They were cast into a tolerably well-furnished cabin before they could speak.

Even here, the turmoil of mind was so great, that for some minutes they looked at each other without uttering a word.

"Heaven!" suddenly cried Mrs. Bacon, a self-possessed woman of the world, "what can it all mean?"

"What can they want with us?" chorused the young ladies.

"The dirty wretches," exclaimed Polly Snapper. "I wish I could only get hold of the black savage who carried me on board."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Bacon, more calmly, "that we have fallen into the hands of one of those corsairs who supply the courts of the barbarian monsters with wives."

"I will die rather," cried Edith, who was now deadly pale.

"Let any man try to marry me against my will," said Kate; "I'd—I'd—"

"Surely, they are not such monsters," exclaimed Jessie.

"My dear girls," said Mrs. Bacon, gravely, "you must all nerve yourselves for the worst. These wretched believers in Mohammedism also believe that we women have no souls—are mere toys and playthings of the other sex."

"I'd plaything them," muttered Polly.

"They will have little regard for tears or supplications," continued Mrs. Bacon, who was a very handsome woman of about thirty-five. "I am too old to fear the blandishments of these tyrants, but would advise you to try haughty repulsion rather than the ordinary weakness of

our sex, which, with gentlemen and men of honor, is our strength."

"Much better have stopped in England," said Polly.

"No!" cried Edith, whose countenance was beaming with enthusiasm, whose eyes were lighted up by a kind of holy and enthusiastic fire. "Heaven will surely protect three innocent girls."

"Besides, you are rich, and they may consent to accept a handsome ransom," cried Mrs. Bacon, willing to arouse their hopes.

This view of the matter was to a certain extent encouraging, and for a moment their own sorrows were forgotten in the woes of others.

"And our friends," cried Kate; "your brave brother. There seemed no one else on board the brig."

"All were killed, wounded or prisoners," replied Mrs. Bacon.

"What horrors we endured," added Edith; "and yet I never thought of defeat. Much I feared our people would suffer, but not that they would be defeated."

"Our vessel was manned only as a passenger ship; properly provided with men, she would have taken the corsair," urged Mrs. Bacon.

"We shall never see them again, I fear," said Jessie.

"Have courage," said Mrs. Bacon, a brave and clear-headed woman; "these Turks care much for money."

"The corsairs, who scour the seas, to the great disgrace of such powers as England and France, are actuated only by the love of pelf."

"If they can get more by ransoming you, rely upon it, they will not sell you into slavery."

All this appeared very consolatory, and gave the girls a small modicum of courage.

They, however, could not help, in their own minds, feeling a considerable amount of dread at a future so blank and threatening.

Two hours later a man entered, a renegade, who cast a number of vails and wraps on the ground before them.

He was an unmistakable European, despite his costume.

"Put on these, and mind you conceal your faces," he said, dryly.

"Heaven, you are English! Tell us what we have to fear!" cried the girls.

"I was English once until misfortune brought me hither. I am a Turk now, and have the heart of a Turk," he said, glowering at them.

"What have you to fear? Nothing, I should say, except to be petted and made much of while your beauty lasts."

"Better death—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" he said, with a bitter laugh.

"Many a lovely and innocent maiden has said the same before you, and yet lived to become the honored mother of the pasha's children."

"You may retire," said Mrs. Bacon, loftily; "your directions shall be obeyed."

The man simply grinned and went out, leaving the unhappy prisoners to prepare for landing.

Many and wretched were the prisoners made in a similar way.

Ships bound for Malta, Greece, and the Mediterranean, passed up the Gut of Gibraltar and were never heard of again.

The ships were scuttled, the crew and passengers made prisoners or massacred, and no tidings ever reached their unfortunate families.

In a few minutes the man returned, and glancing at them, saw they were well wrapped up, and their faces properly concealed.

He bade them follow him. Lamps had long been lighted by a slave, and it was dark night on deck.

Nothing could be seen but a confused mass of vessels, and in the distance peculiar-looking houses.

A large boat, with an awning over the stern-sheets, awaited them, and as soon as they were seated, pulled away for shore.

The sailors were as silent as if they had been mutes. When the boat was hauled up, a strange-looking carriage, drawn by bullocks, awaited them.

A man, armed with pistols and scimitar, motioned to them to enter. In a few minutes they passed under a Moorish archway into a courtyard, where several female slaves assisted them to alight.

They were ushered into a large room with many windows, now concealed by blinds, but no other furniture, save couches, which served as seats by day and beds by night.

All cast themselves wearily down, and the three unhappy girls burst into tears.

"Courage, courage," said Mrs. Bacon, kindly; "you must not give way thus, my children. Hush! some one comes."

It was first a black slave, with gleaming white teeth, of the one race which is allowed in the harems of the rich and noble, to which we cannot more particularly allude.

Behind him came women with trays of sweetmeats, coffee, and little cakes of millet.

They were placed before the women with significant gestures, and then they went out without a word.

To be continued—commenced in No. 230.

Little Lola: OR, LOST IN NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE WOLVES OF NEW YORK," "RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW THE "MARQUIS" LOVED ESSIE TROY.

The closet in which the old man lay was quite a large one, and was used by Mr. Tremaine as a receptacle for all his papers.

"He was evidently in here when we entered the room," said Tremaine, "and not wishing to disturb us, remained an involuntary listener. The close air of the closet probably caused him to faint."

It was plain that Tremaine had guessed the truth, for the gas was burning in the closet, and the old man held, tightly clutched in his hand, a bundle of leaves.

"Do you think that he can have overheard what we have been saying?" asked Oswald.

"It is probable," answered Tremaine; "but I do not fear his mentioning it. He is not a gossip."

Then the two carried the old man out into the library and placed him in a chair. All efforts to revive the secretary were fruitless. But that they could feel that his heart still beat slowly, they would have thought him dead.

Tremaine summoned the servants, the old man was removed to his room, undressed and put to bed, and a messenger dispatched for the doctor.

Doctor Dornon came in haste, and after examining the old man announced that he was laboring under a serious attack of brain fever. Before the arrival of the doctor the old man had recovered his speech, but not his senses;

his words were wild and disordered. The doctor, listening attentively, could only catch one single sentence that seemed to have meaning in it; and that sentence the sick man muttered over and over again.

"Ace—black—all black—a spade to dig her grave!"

Such were the disjointed words of the old man.

The doctor scratched the side of his nose reflectively, a sign in him of deep thought.

"If he were a young man, I should say that he had been gambling; but, no, that isn't possible. There's a woman mixed up in it somehow; nothing wonderful in that though; women are mixed up in every thing in this world. 'Ace,' and 'a spade to dig her grave.' Well, it's a mystery." And the doctor returned to the library.

"What is the matter with him, doctor?" asked Tremaine.

"A brain fever."

Father and son looked at each other in astonishment.

"He must have received some great shock, either physical or mental," continued the doctor. "Has any accident happened to him?"

"No; he was in the closet yonder when Oswald and I entered the room, and apparently not wishing to disturb us, kept silent, for we had no idea of his presence until he swooned and fell from his chair to the floor. I supposed that the closeness of the air of the closet caused his faintness."

"It's a most astonishing case. Never, in the whole course of my medical experience, have I known of a case of brain fever produced by a simple fainting-fit caused by bad air. Could he overhear your conversation in the closet?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Tremaine.

"Did you touch upon any matters likely to interest him in the least?"

"No."

The doctor looked puzzled.

"Well, I confess I can not understand it. If, as it appears, he has received no accident of a physical nature, then he must have received some strong mental shock, and the brain, gentlemen, is a ticklish organ to deal with. I feel quite interested in this gentleman's case. By the way, have you any idea how old he is?"

"Well, sixty, I should think," replied Tremaine, wondering at the question.

"You judge by his face and hair, eh?" said the doctor, quickly.

"Yes," answered Tremaine.

"He does look like sixty in the face, and yet I never saw such an arm as he has on a man of sixty in my life," said the doctor, decidedly.

"You think he is younger, then?"

"I don't know what to think," replied the doctor, doubtfully. "In the first place, here's a man goes into a raging brain fever—clean out of his head, apparently as mad as a March hare—simply because he happens to be shut up in a closet for a few minutes. Then again, this very same man has the frame and sinews of a Hercules, and an arm that would do credit to a prize-fighter. Not the sort of a man at all to be affected by any common accident. I feel quite an interest in his case. And with these words the doctor departed.

Tremaine and his son, thrilled to the heart by the affliction that had fallen so heavily upon them, felt but little interest in the words of the doctor, or in the cause of the secretary's illness, and the subject was instantly dismissed from their minds.

Essie had recovered from her swoon, undressed, gone to bed, and wept herself to sleep.

This was the first great affliction that had ever fallen upon the young girl, and amid her tears she asked the question of herself, if any other had ever been thus afflicted? And fully satisfied that death alone could relieve her misery, she sobbed herself to sleep. In sleep she forgot her sorrows. Ah, Essie! time is one great slumber in which we forget all things. Time cures the deepest sorrow, heals the most terrible wounds. In years we find forgetfulness; it is the Lethe of the fable in which we drown remembrance.

After a restless night to all the principal members of the Tremaine household, morning came.

The secretary, Whitehead, was still unconscious. The doctor, who called early to see his patient, pronounced his case to be very dangerous and declared that the chances were against his recovering.

About ten in the morning Tremaine was somewhat astonished at receiving a message that a gentleman desired to see him in person on particular business.

"What sort of a looking person is it?" he asked.

"A young man, quite a gentleman, sir," the servant answered.

"Did he give his name?"

"No, sir. I asked him for his name, but he said that it was useless for him to give it, because he was a stranger to you," answered the servant.

"Some genteel sharper, I suppose," said Tremaine. "John, tell this person to write his business. I am not in the habit of granting interviews to strangers."

The servant left the room, but in a few minutes he returned with a large card in his hand and a broad grin upon his face.

"He says, sir," said John, holding out the card, "that if you'll please to look at this card you'll understand the business that he comes about."

Tremaine took the card, considerably astonished at the strange message.

On the card was written "810 Fifth avenue."

"Why, that is my address," Tremaine said. And then turning the card over, in search of some solution to this odd mystery, the ace of spades stared him in the face.

In an instant the recollection of the card he had given Christine sixteen years before flashed upon him; the card that had indeed proved an omen of evil.

"What can this mean?" Tremaine muttered to himself, with a puzzled look. "Can this person have any connection with the past? Well, show him up, John," he said, aloud.

The servant withdrew, but in a few minutes returned conducting the "Marquis," who was the person who had sent the mysterious message.

"You may withdraw, John," said Tremaine to the servant, who stood discreetly at the door, waiting for orders.

The servant bowed, and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Well, sir, your business with me?" asked Tremaine, gazing with curiosity into the handsome face of the young man, and detecting in that face a strange resemblance to some other face that he had seen. But who the possessor of that face was he could not remember.

"That will require a short explanation, sir," said the "Marquis," with easy politeness.

"Proceed, sir," said Tremaine, vainly endeavoring to recall where he had seen the young man's face before, or if not his face, the face that it so strongly resembled.

"Do you remember the year 1852?" asked the "Marquis."

Tremaine started. His thought then was right; his visitor had some connection with the events of that terrible night.

"Yes, sir, I remember; but to what particular part of the year have you reference?"

"The night of the 20th of September."

Despite his self-control, Tremaine shuddered.

"I am about to speak of a terrible event that happened on that night," continued the young man; "of a woman killed by lightning and a child rendered motherless."

"Well, sir, what has this to do with me?" Tremaine asked. He saw plainly that by some means the young man had gained a knowledge of the events of the dreadful night, the memory of which, even now, after the long lapse of years, was full of pain to him. Yet he felt sure that his strange visitor could not possibly possess any clue to connect him with those terrible events.

"Only that you are the father of the motherless child."

Tremaine stared in astonishment. There was no trace of hesitation in the stranger's voice as he made the charge. He spoke like one fully convinced.

"Possibly you have some proof of what you assert, or it will be difficult for you to make people believe your story," Tremaine said, slowly. He felt sure that he had guessed the object of the stranger's visit. By some unaccountable means he had become possessed of the history of that terrible night's transactions, and had come to levy blackmail as the price of silence.

"I see, sir," said Catterton, very politely, and with great respect in his manner, "that you do not understand why I have taken the liberty to call upon you. There is only one person in the world that I wish to impress with the belief that I speak the truth, and that person is yourself."

"Indeed!" Tremaine was bewildered.

"Yes, sir, and you know that I speak the truth when I say that you are the father of the girl known as Essie, and who is the daughter of Christine Averill. You will not deny this, when I tell you that I am the newsboy that placed the child in your arms that night, and who received a hundred dollars for that service. I followed you that night with the intent to find out who and what you were. I did not know your name, though I did know where you resided, for I heard the lady read the address on the card after you had written it. That is what prompted me—when you refused to see me just now—to send you a *fac-simile* of that card. You see, sir, I came prepared to be refused. As I have said, that night I tracked you—with a bad intent. I own, sir, until I was thrown off the scent by your taking the cars at the Hudson River depot. But the very first thing the next morning I came here and found out your name. Since these events sixteen years have passed—"

"It is useless for me to deny the truth of what you have said," cried Tremaine, interrupting him. "I suppose that your visit to me this morning is for the purpose of levying blackmail; you wish me to buy your silence?"

"No, sir," returned the "Marquis," firmly, but respectfully, "I don't wish you to do any thing of the kind. True, I might come to you, and say: 'I know all about the night of September 20th, 1852. I know that this girl whom you call Essie Troy is in reality, Essie Averill. That she is your daughter; and that, possibly, if I were to make that fact known among your acquaintances, it might create considerable talk and submit the young lady—if not you—to some mortification. But I have no intention, sir, of doing any thing of the sort. I have called back the past, simply to show you that I was one of the actors in that past. I did you a service then; true, I was paid for it; but you are well aware, sir, that if I had asked you a thousand dollars for that infant you would have given it. Of course you are too old a man of the world, not to guess that I have some other object in making this call than simply to tell you that I am acquainted with a little of your past history. I own, frankly, that I have a favor to ask of you; but if you see fit not to grant that favor, I shall leave this house, take the secret concerning Miss Essie with me and keep it securely locked in my own breast as I have done for sixteen years."

Tremaine looked at the pale, quiet face of the "Marquis" with astonishment. That a man, who was evidently an adventurer, should possess such a secret, and yet not attempt to extort money as the price of silence, was indeed a wonder.

"Sir, I can hardly understand this riddle," said Tremaine.

"Do not try to," quietly replied the "Marquis," "let it remain a riddle. My motives for acting thus, will probably never be known. I love the girl, sir, that you have reared—whom you call Essie Troy—better than I do any thing else in this world, better than I do myself—and self-love you know is powerful, sir. But I would sooner give my right hand than have a single hour of gloom fall upon her young life."

"You are speaking very strangely, sir," cried Tremaine, in amazement.

"Yes, sir," returned the "Marquis," "because you do not know the reason that actuates me. That reason will never be known to any one in the world. Suffice it that it exists, and that I shall never do harm by word or deed to Miss Essie."

"And now, sir, what is this favor that you wish at my hands?"

"The loan, sir, of a thousand dollars—not a gift, mind, but a loan to be repaid. My way of life, sir, does not suit me. With the money I have, in addition to the thousand dollars loaned by you, I can start a good business and earn an honest living."

"But what assurance have I that this money will be repaid, and that this is not a blackmailing device?" asked Tremaine.

"At present, nothing but my word; but the moment I start in trade—I'm going to open a small book-store on Broadway—I'll give you a mortgage on my stock."

For a moment Tremaine looked into the face of the "Marquis," and in that face he saw written honesty.

"I'll do it!" he said, "and trust you."

And when Daniel Catterton, the "Marquis," left the house of Tremaine, he carried with him a check for a thousand dollars.

The "Marquis" was in the right road after all.

CHAPTER XIX.
"OLD TIMES ROCKS."

LOLA had been in the paper-box manufactory three days, and was as happy as happy could be. Each evening the "Marquis" called to see her and spent an hour or two in the little parlour. Catterton could not understand what made the hours pass so pleasantly and so swiftly when he was in Lola's company. The girl did not try to understand. It was enough for her that she was happy in his society, she did not question why.

The evening of the third day had come. Lola descended the long flights of stairs that led from the manufactory to the street, light and joyous as a bird on a bright May morning, and took her way home.

Lola little thought that evil eyes were watching her, that brutal hearts were laying snares for her feet.

On the other side of the street, in a doorway, stood two men; one of them is well-known to us, it is William Thompson, otherwise known as English Bill. His companion was a rough-looking fellow, not quite so burly in form as Bill. He was known as Curly Rocks, and sometimes familiarly called by his associates, "Old Times Rocks," probably on account of his long association with the roughs of Water street, he having been brought up from childhood in that delightful region.

"That's her, curse her!" cried Bill, savagely. "Accident had revealed to Bill Lola's working-place."

Ever since the girl's sudden and unaccountable disappearance Bill had hunted high and low for the missing one. His search had been fruitless until happening with Curly Rocks to be passing down Canal street, he saw, to his great delight, Lola come out of the building in which was situated her work-shop.

"Is that so?" asked Rocks, who was not acquainted with Lola.

"And now I've got my eyes on her, blast her, I'll soon have her in my hands again," Bill exclaimed, with ferocious delight.

"Why don't you go right over, take her by the nap of the neck and snake her off home, say?" exclaimed Curly, who was an extremely practical ruffian.

"An' have her holler blue murder an' then have the police come down onto us, an' take us both off to the station?" returned Bill.

"Well, wot of that?" cried Curly; "she's your gal, ain't she? Ain't you got a right to do wot you like with her? Wot's the use of bein' a father if you ain't got a right to take your gal home when she runs away from you, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I don't want to have any fuss," replied Bill; "I'd rather git hold of the young brat quietly. Besides I want to find out who dressed her up this way. She ain't gone to the devil as I thought, 'cos she wouldn't be a-workin' if she was. Let's foller her an' see where she goes to."

And so the two roughs started in pursuit of Lola, being careful, however, not to betray to her she was followed.

Bill and Curly saw her enter the door of the boarding-house.

The game was treed.

"I'd like to know where she got all those new togs!" Bill growled.

"She looks as gay as a pink!" cried Curly, admiringly.

"I'll soon change her looks, let me git my hands on her ag'in!" said Bill, savagely.

"Well, now, old man, wot's the programme, eh?" asked Curly.

"To git hold of her as soon as possible," returned Bill, fiercely.

"Yes, but how are ye a-goin' fer to do it, 'cos I rather fancy that the gal won't come with you, herself, if she knows it; not much, you know," and Curly put his tongue in his cheek, significantly.

"That's so, curse her!" cried Bill, in a rage, "let me git hold on her ag'in, I'll take the devil out of her—I'll tame her!"

"Yes, but how are you a-goin' to git hold on her? Unless you walks up to the front door, rings the bell an' says, 'My name's William Thompson, you've got my gal here an' I wants her.' An' if the young'un should happen to reply, 'Don't you wish you may git it,' or, 'Will you hold your breath till I go with you,' or any other perlitte observation, what are you a-goin' to do about it? Unless you calls in the perlice for to make her go with you," observed the playful and sagacious Curly.

"You just leave me alone, I'll fix it somehow," said Bill, "but I'd like to know where she got that new dress. Dresses don't lay round loose in the streets of New York."

"That's so," chimed in Curly.

"She would never have run off unless some one told her to, an' fixed a place for her to go to. I'd give something to find out all about it," said Bill, thoughtfully.

"Evenin' News, only one cent!" yelled a boy's voice close at Curly's elbow. "Hello! buy a paper, Bill!" continued the voice.

The roughs turned and beheld the newsboy called Shorty.

"No, I don't want no paper," gruffly said Bill.

"Say, you don't trust, Shorty, do yer?" asked Curly, who had a keen sense of the humorous.

"Trust! what do you take me for, say?" demanded Shorty. "I does a cash business, regular, 'cos it's too much trouble to keep books." Bill was deeply cogitating how he should learn all the particulars regarding Lola, when an idea struck him.

"Say, Shorty," said Bill, "would you like to make a dollar?"

"Would I?" exclaimed the boy, his eyes gleaming. "Oh, no! not much, not for Joe! Just you show me how I kin make a dollar, an' see me go fur it."

"Well, my gal, Io', is over in that house there—the brick boarding-house. Now you just find out all about her that you can; who brought her there, who comes to see her, an' I'll give you a dollar."

"Yer will?"

"Yes."

"Why you are a reg'lar rounder, you are! Just you wait here a minit and I'll find out all 'bout it. I sells papers to the cook over there, I does," and with these parting words, Shorty ran across the street, and disappeared down the basement-steps.

"I've got her!" cried Bill, with ferocious glee; "I'll have her in my hands afore this night's over; see if I don't!"

CHAPTER XX.
ENGLISH BILL'S "LITTLE GAME."

In about ten minutes the newsboy returned. He had found out all that the cook knew in regard to Lola, and that was, that she had only been in the boarding-house some few days, and that a young gentleman—some relation, the cook supposed—called upon her every evening at eight o'clock.

"Wot was the name of the cove?" asked Curly.

"Catterton," answered the boy.

"Oh, split me!" cried Curly, in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" asked Bill. He had forgotten the name of the "Marquis," accustomed as he was only to call him by his sporting name.

"Why, that's 'Dan the Devil,' the fellow wot you got arter the other night!" cried Curly.

"The devil it is!" exclaimed Bill.

"That's so," answered the other.

"Then, he's the one that took the gal away. I'll be even with him yet!" and Bill's manner

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showed plainly how deeply he hated the young man.

"Say, old boss, you promised me a dollar!" cried the newsboy.

"Here it is," and Bill handed the note to Shorty.

"I say, Shorty, ain't you a-goin' to treat?" asked Curly.

"Does your mother know you're out?" was the ambiguous response of the newsboy; and, without waiting for an answer to his question, he darted up the street and was soon busy crying his papers.

"Wot's your little game?" asked Curly.

"Just you wait a little while an' you'll see," replied Bill.

"I'll keep the hair on my head," by which expressive sentence, Curly intimated that he would wait.

"Say, Rocks, do you think you can play a perfect detective?" Bill asked.

"Well, I don't know; I ought to. I've seen a good deal of them," returned Curly, with a grin.

"You kin do it, I know. I'll tell you wot to say as we go along."

"Where are you goin'?"

"Up to Chatham Square. I want a hack, an' Patsy Duke stands up there. He's all right, he is. Say, will you join in my little game?"

"You bet!" Curly replied, using the slang term from the far Pacific coast.

And so the pair of knaves walked slowly up to Chatham Square, Bill explaining his "little game" as they walked along.

Iola had just finished supper when the door-bell rung, and Mrs. Wiggins, going to the door, returned with the information that a man wanted to see Miss Thompson.

Iola could not imagine who it was, but went at once to the door. Upon perceiving the rough-looking man that stood there she hesitated in some little alarm. But as the landlady, Mrs. Wiggins, was close behind her, she knew that there could be no danger.

"Are you Miss Thompson?" asked the man, in quite a polite tone for one so rough as he.

"Yes, sir," answered Iola.

"Well, Miss, I am a detective officer; my name is Jones. There's a friend of yours—Mr. Catterton—got into trouble 'bout assaultin' a feller on Broadway, named English Bill, the other night, an' he wants you to come up to the station an' testify for him, 'cos he said that you seed the whole fuss."

"What will they do to Mr. Catterton?" asked Iola, in dismay at the thought of any danger coming to her friend, and on her account too.

"Oh, nothin', Miss; you kin git him right out of it just by telling what you know," answered Mr. "Jones."

"Shall I have to go to the police-station?" asked Iola.

"Yes, right away, too. Mr. Catterton sent a hack for you. It wot take ten minutes to fix the fuss up all right."

"What shall I do, Mrs. Wiggins?" said Iola, feeling a doubt, despite the words of the stranger.

"Why, go, of course, my dear!" cried the landlady, quickly, no thought of evil entering her mind. "Good gracious! Mr. Catterton is such a nice young man!"

"Yes, ma'am, he's a regular brick!" said Mr. "Jones."

"Can this lady go with me?" asked Iola, still feeling a doubt in her mind.

"In course," cried the detective, quickly; "come along, ma'am!"

Assured of last, Iola hurried up-stairs for her hat and cloak, while Mrs. Wiggins rushed hastily for her bonnet and shawl.

"He is in danger, and on my account!" cried Iola, as with trembling hands she threw the cloak over her shoulders; "how good he has been to me!"

Then Iola ran down-stairs—her mind now filled with only one thought, the danger of the "Marquis."

The dusk of the evening was upon the street, and the gas was being lighted in the stores.

Iola and Mrs. Wiggins went out through the door. In the street stood a hack.

"Mr. Brown, my pardner, 's inside, ma'am," said the detective, as he opened the hack door for Iola to enter. She, in the dim light, saw the dark form of a man sitting on the front seat, apparently looking out of the opposite window, for his face was turned from her.

Lightly Iola jumped into the hack. The detective turned to give his hand to Mrs. Wiggins, when the hack suddenly drove on at full speed, and left Mr. "Jones" and Mrs. Wiggins standing on the curbstone.

"Hallo!" shouted the detective, but the hack-driver drove on without looking behind him or paying the slightest attention to the call.

"Well, of all the stupid brutes!" said Mr. "Jones," apparently deeply disgusted.

"Whatever shall we do?" asked Mrs. Wiggins.

"Why, we can walk to the office, ma'am; it's only up in Harlem."

"Harlem! walk to Harlem!" cried the astonished Mrs. Wiggins.

"Why no, of course not. We can take a huss-car."

"Well, I don't know that there is really any need of my going," said Mrs. Wiggins, thoughtfully.

"I s'pose you'll see that the young lady comes home all safe?"

"Oh, in course," responded the detective, with urbanity, "in course I'll bring her home all right. Don't you worry 'bout that, ma'am. I'm very sorry that you couldn't go, but I'll never employ that brute of a driver ag'in. Good-night, ma'am," and the detective, Mr. "Jones," hastened off.

"Well, I never," muttered Mrs. Wiggins, as she returned, disconsolate, to the house; "the impudence and carelessness of them hack-drivers is wonderful. I don't see how people stands it." And the good lady somewhat relieved her mind by telling the boarders how she was left standing on the pavement; what a real gentleman the detective, Mr. Jones, was, and how sorry he felt that she had been left.

About eight o'clock the door-bell rung. Mrs. Wiggins hastened to answer it, expecting that it was Iola returned. When she opened the door she discovered to her surprise that the person who had rung the bell was Mr. Catterton, and that he was alone.

"Well, I'm glad you've got out!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, with a smile of welcome; "but where is Miss Iola?"

Catterton looked at the lady in amazement.

"Why, how should I know?" he asked.

"Hain't she come back with you?" asked Mrs. Wiggins, no less astonished than her visitor.

"Come back with me?" exclaimed Catterton; "why no, of course not. How could she?"

Mrs. Wiggins now stared at the young man with wonder. Her first thought was that the "Marquis" had been drinking, but if he had, he showed no signs of it.

"Oh, I see!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, a light breaking in upon her clouded mind. "She's coming in the coach!"

"The coach!" cried Catterton, in amazement.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wiggins, perfectly satisfied that she had hit upon the true solution of the mystery; "but how did you get out, and why didn't you come with Miss Iola?"

"How did I get out?" repeated Catterton, beginning to think that Mrs. Wiggins was slightly insane.

"Yes, and why didn't you come back with Miss Iola?" repeated Mrs. Wiggins.

"I can't understand you!" cried the "Marquis," not able to make sense out of her questions.

"Well, I'm sure I speak plain enough!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiggins, considerably astonished, and beginning to be a little indignant.

"My dear madam!" exclaimed Catterton, plainly seeing that there was a misunderstanding somewhere, "what on earth do you mean by asking me how I got out, and why I didn't come back with Miss Iola?"

"Why, out of the station-house in Harlem!" Mrs. Wiggins felt considerably bewildered.

Catterton felt sure now that Mrs. Wiggins was out of her head.

"I've not been in any station-house in Harlem or anywhere else!" exclaimed the "Marquis." "I haven't been in Harlem for a year."

"Not been in Harlem!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, at the top of her voice.

"No!" exclaimed Catterton, in astonishment.

"Hain't you been arrested?" in the same high key.

"No!"

"Oh, Lor!" and Mrs. Wiggins threw up her hands in dismay.

The loud tone of the conversation had brought the boarders in alarm out of their rooms, and anxious heads were peeping over the stair-railing, curious to discover the meaning of the unusual noise.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Catterton, for the first time beginning to be alarmed, and having a dim fear that possibly something might have happened to Iola.

"Oh, Lor!" repeated Mrs. Wiggins, half fainting in her excitement; "a gent come as said that his name was Jones and he was a detective officer, an' he asked after Miss Thompson, quite polite like, an' he said as how you had been arrested for 'sauntin' somebody, an' she must go right away for a witness, an' she asked me for to go with her, an' we got our things on an' she got into the coach, an' no sooner had she got in, than the coachman—the villain! hanging's too good for him—he drove off an' left me an' the detective, as said his name was Jones, a-standin' on the blessed sidewalk!"

"Is it possible?" cried Catterton, almost bewildered at this sudden blow, for the whole scheme was clear to him in an instant. He saw plainly that Iola had been abducted.

"Possible it is, an' quite correct!" cried Mrs. Wiggins; "an' the gent as said he was a detective, and his name was Jones, was quite polite, an' said he'd bring Miss Iola back all safe."

"This is some mistake," said Catterton. He did not care to enter into particulars, which could do no good and might do mischief. "Some one else has probably been mistaken for me. I'll go and see about it at once."

And Catterton at once departed, leaving the Wiggins household in a state of great excitement.

The "Marquis" knew full well that the abductor of Iola could be no other than English Bill.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 227.)

Two Girls' Lives:

OR,
STRANGELY-CROSSED PATHS.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE-REVENGE," "GATE-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LII.
THE WOLF AT BAY.

IN his room at the country tavern nearest Ellenwood, where he considered it desirable he should wait until affairs assumed a less vague, more tangible form, Mr. Vivian Ulmerstone had been meditating carefully upon the propriety of attempting another visit to the house to see his wife.

He had engaged to meet Lenore that evening again, at the Chapel, and, knowing Lenore and Edna to be under the same roof, was it prudent in him to venture, and with so little hope to encourage him?

He had decided to risk the game for the candle; in other words, to risk the chance of meeting Mrs. Carlingford very awkwardly, when paying his devoirs to the only lady in the world entitled to, and at the same time detesting, them.

However, knowing very well the strict etiquette observed in houses like Ellenwood, he knew that the callers for one member of the family were not usually interfered with by others. He would undoubtedly be shown to Edna's reception-room, see her alone—he took that for granted, obviously—and would take his leave as he came.

He was very determined that Edna should be brought to terms; he was decided as to what he should say to her, what arguments to use, what threats to make. He would not detain her long, he knew.

But, granting that he unluckily *did* run foul of Mrs. Carlingford—he could afford to lose her affection now, so long as he intended bidding her adieu at the Chapel, that very night. So, it was just ten in the morning, when he walked leisurely up to the front entrance, and inquired of the footman for Edna.

It must be confessed he did not feel so brave as he thought he would, when he was once in the very heart of the enemy's camp. It was a rather more trying affair than he thought it would be, to literally be under the same roof with his wife, his sweetheart, her rescuer and her husband, every one of whom were naturally his enemies.

But there he was, and there they were; and he was bound to remain in his present quarters until the interview was over.

He did not dread the interview in the least; he was sitting very coolly and coolly by a shady window, when Edna entered, cold, haughty, almost indignant.

Without waiting for his greeting, she addressed him pointedly.

"Until I reached the door, I had no intimation who it was that awaited me. Having learned, you will excuse me at once, I can have nothing further to say to you whatever."

He had arisen and bowed while she spoke, in her sweet, clear tones, that cut him to the very quick. He would not let her see, however, the immense advantage she had over him.

"I beg you will not be so unkind; I assure you I came with the most pardonable motives—"

"Which will be of no avail. Any further

communications can be made to my father, to whom I refer you."

Her father!—how very singular he had forgotten she had a father; or, say—had she not distinctly told him she had no parents? What could she possibly mean?

He looked at her incredulously.

"Your father? Certainly, I shall be most happy to meet any of my honored relatives by marriage."

Edna almost smiled at his endless audacity.

"He will scarcely appreciate the honor, I think," she said, quietly. "However, I will send for him."

She walked, with her queenly step, to the speaking-tube and addressed some one; very soon, footsteps approaching denoted a new presence, and then, in all his serene grandeur, his grand nobility of manner, Mr. Carlingford entered the library.

He looked at Fay—at Edna; then more severely at Fay again.

"Fapa, this is the man of whom we have been speaking. His name is Garnett Fay."

Fay bit his lips furiously. He could have throttled Edna for her patronizing, one-sided presentation; but, between perfect wild amazement to realize that his wife was the daughter of the husband of the woman he was making such base love to, he managed to bow, and murmur some inaudible words of acknowledgment.

Mr. Carlingford at once drew his chair to the table, opened his ponderous memorandum-book, and looked very oppressively like business.

He turned to Edna, protectingly.

"Sit down, my daughter. I wish you to hear every word that passes. Sir," to Garnett, who, seeing affairs approaching a crisis, grew bold almost to insolence, at once; "you will be seated, if you please, while we arrange a few preliminary affairs."

Garnett bowed haughtily, and seated himself disdainfully, his legs crossed, and his handsome head thrown defiantly back.

"You claim Edna Carlingford as your lawful wife, I understand? You were married when, where, by whom?"

Mr. Carlingford put the question slowly, gravely.

"I certainly claim her—or Edna Silvester, as I knew her, now Fay, as my legal wife, according to an act of marriage performed at Sunset View, on Tuesday, the eighth of November, of the past autumn."

He spoke with a truthful precision that sent the blood receding from Edna's face. Garnett observed it and triumphed.

"Before I demand the proof—your marriage certificate—I will state for your benefit, sir, that the marriage can be made null and void from the facts that, at the date of the marriage, Edna Silvester was a minor in age; that she has received no support from you, directly or indirectly; that she is not and never was Edna Silvester."

Garnett felt his heart sink. Not so much at the array of facts, as at the implied hint regarding the certificate, which he knew was no forthcoming.

And until these points are settled in a divorce-court, you will be so kind as to establish a counter-claim by producing the certificate, which, by the way, most men of honor would have assigned to their bride."

Garnett winced under the thrust.

"The certificate? really, I cannot lay my hand on it at once. It is among my papers at my hotel, safe enough. I supposed a gentleman's word was enough, especially when admitted by his wife to be true."

Mr. Carlingford smiled.

"It is not enough. Is that all you wish to see me about? Oh, come in, Mr. Audrey, of course," he added, in a friendly play to Oberdon, who crossed the open door. "It will be no intrusion; I shall be happy to offer you a glimpse of the gentleman who claims to be my son-in-law. Mr. Garnett Fay."

As Audrey crossed the threshold Fay sprang to his feet, his eyes full of the desperate fire that in an animal suddenly brought to bay.

Audrey paused, stared, looked in speechless astonishment at Fay, at Edna, then turning to Mr. Carlingford, in a voice thick with fury, said:

"Mr. Fay, you call him? I have met him before, when his name was Vivian Ulmerstone."

The announcement was thrillingly awful. At sound of the name Mr. Carlingford sprang from his seat as if he had received an electric shock; while Edna, with a shrill cry, sat rigid as a rock, with wide eyes, and parted lips that refused to express the horror she felt.

"Vivian Ulmerstone! this man is Vivian Ulmerstone!"

Mr. Carlingford uttered the words from between his set teeth, and advanced a step nearer Ulmerstone, who sat at him an insolently defiant smile, without speaking. Oberdon Audrey stood his ground, quiet, positive.

"It is the same man from whom Mrs. Carlingford was rescued—whom she called Vivian. You know the story, Mr. Carlingford; you insisted on its rectitude."

Mr. Carlingford stood looking at Ulmerstone with a fascination one might experience toward a rattlesnake. His handsome, snow-white beard such a grand, mute reproach to the younger man who had despoiled and desecrated his hearth; his fine eyes, from which radiated a perfect flame of righteous wrath, of scornful, pitiless contempt.

"So you are the villain, double-dyed, are you? You, the less than man, who, not content with my daughter, must needs trifle with my wife? You are Mr. Garnett Fay, alias Mr. Vivian Ulmerstone! the desecrator of all a true man holds sacred, the sneaking vagabond who hides under two names deeds too foul to endure the sunlight! My daughter, and he dropped his sarcastic tones as by magic, as he turned to address her, "thank Heaven you have met with such a deliverance."

She was terribly excited and nervous, and clung tremulously to Mr. Carlingford's arm, while Audrey stood near her.

Garnett Fay never moved an inch from his position. He had listened with a proud smile, as though his misdemeanors were triumphs in which to glory; and now, he was watching Edna and Oberdon with a dawning hatred.

"I've no doubt it is extremely pleasant for you, sir, liar and adventurer that you are, to play the lover to my wife, but—"

Mr. Carlingford interrupted him in thunder tones:

"Never presume to call my daughter your wife again! and apologize at once to Mr. Audrey for the base insult you have offered him, my guest, in my house!"

Fay sneered pointedly.

"Beg his pardon! Pray, what better is he than I? Point to me the difference in my being in love with *your* wife, (which I admit, and boast she cares for me as well,)—or *he*, the scoundrel! in love with *my* wife!"

Mr. Carlingford caught him by the coat-collar, with the grip of a giant, in whose hands Fay was a very infant. He shook him, as a cat shakes a mouse; then walked him across the floor, his face pale with wrath, his eyes blazing with contempt; down the stairs, through the hall, out the grand entrance, and then, with more force than feeling, down the steps, into the grounds.

Once free from the vise-like grip under which he was so powerless, Ulmerstone—we call him so from force of habit—turned and faced Mr. Carlingford, with a perfect fury, demoniacal in its fierceness, on his pale, set features.

"Before the sun goes down, you and yours shall repeat of this!"

And he walked away; the man who had run nearly the full length of his rope. Before sundown!

And he glanced up at the zenith, where the orb was shining amid the soft blue.

Before sunset!

CHAPTER LIII.
A WILD GOOD-BY.

IN peaceful ignorance of the stormily exciting scene enacting in the library almost directly opposite her room door, Lenore Carlingford sat in her low rocking-chair, resting her hot head in Mrs. Saxton's hands, and wishing, watching—all for the early night shades to gather, when she should see her lover again.

She had no conversation with Mr. Carlingford since the evening before. She had met him at breakfast, and found him attentive, courteous as usual, but she was distinctly made to feel that an insurmountable barrier was grown between them, never, never to be passed.

She had sipped a spoonful of coffee, and trifled with a tidbit of veal croquet on her plate while she sat at the table and listened to the low, pleasant voices of her family and guests. Though she was appetiteless, and weak, and feverish, she doggedly kept her place behind the coffee urn, resolved that Mr. Carlingford should not know she had augmented her illness by her imprudence.

Notwithstanding which undeniable fact, she was determined to keep her appointment again on this evening, if she died for it.

She had retired to her room directly breakfast was over, and her mother had gone with her, both of them entirely ignorant of the direction affairs had taken; at one o'clock lunch was served in Mrs. Carlingford's room; at two Mrs. Saxton and her husband took the return train to New York, little thinking it was—

But it is best not to anticipate.

Lenore, left alone with Jessie, slowly made her toilette—a black gowning that contrasted vividly with her crimson cheeks and gloomy, flashing eyes. Jessie knotted a gay Roman sash around her slender waist, clasped a string of gold beads around her throat, and heavy bracelets on her round wrists.

In her coal-black hair Lenore twined a scarlet rose, with its glossy dark-green leaves; and thus arrayed, so suitably, in the meaning colors—flame and darkness, that she little recked were ordained for her to wear by the fingers of the Furies themselves—she sat down, patient to stoicism, expectant to delicious hopefulness, to wait while the hours rolled around.

And sooner far than she expected, she went forth to meet him; when she was waiting, in her forlornly patient way, a note was left with a servant for her, and no one but her.

With feverish fingers she tore it open, the dainty monogrammed envelope that bore his beloved handwriting, and read the briefest note:

"Come at once; same place; pressing importance."

There was no need of signature; no need of more definite request. In all the wide world but one human being wanted her—Vivian Ulmerstone, in all the fair face of earth there was but one spot to her—the "Chapel" near the Linden path.

"At once," she grasped her wrap, a costly Indian shawl, gorgeous as a forest in early frost-time. She wrapped it, with the native grace of an Italian woman, in a fanciful fold around her queenly head, and caught it over her arm.

She walked down the grand entrance, and even lingered a moment on the high piazza, looking out between the double row of Corinthian columns on the glorious reach of landscape that lay smiling in the summer sunlight.

It was nearing dusk—it was an hour yet above the sunset, and the peaceful calm that precedes the day's decline had fallen, like a golden shadow, on the earth.

The air was filled with the scents of closing buds and sweet-breathed grasses, heavy with the riotous perfume that almost seemed fainting with its burden of languor.

The time, the scene, were ineffably fair; and Lenore, with a quick sobbing breath wondered why all things could be given so beautifully—except the one love that would have made a Paradise of a spot far less favored than Ellenwood!

She walked down the flower-bordered paths, into the grand old park, where the statuary gleamed among the trees, where the fountains threw high in the air their thousand tiny jets, where the sunshine glinted slantwise through the leafy canopy to the close-cut turf grass beneath.

Deeper into the shadows she went, her heavy silver dress trailing its black shadow over the cool ground; nearer and nearer the spot where Lady Augusta—Edna's girl-mother, wasn't it strange!—last sleeping her last sleep; where, like a breathing portrait, handsome, graceful, noble—to her deluded vision—Vivian Ulmerstone was awaiting her.

She sprang forward with a glad cry of welcome, then started back in surprise at his haggard face, his wild eyes.

"Oh, Vivian, what has happened?"

The words trembled on her lips, but he laughed scornfully at them.

"Nothing has happened, only—I sent to bid you good-by."

"Good-by! good-by!" she gasped, with white lips.

"I must go. It is best, and you will think so too that I am once away. Of what avail is it that I stay? what are you to me, you, Mrs. Carlingford of Ellenwood?"

"Good-by!"

She repeated the word mechanically, as if the sound of it fascinated her, and dulled her ear to any other word.

"Does it hurt your tender heart so? I know it seems terrible to contemplate, but it must be."

He was caressing her icy-cold hands.

"And suns must rise and set, and months come and go, and life must be endured without you! Oh, Vivian, Vivian!"

She snatched his hands and pressed them to her lips, raining hot kisses on them. And he—had a mocking smile in his eyes as he thought this woman's husband had collared him that same day.

"We will think of each other, my darling; and every night, when the stars come out, hold spirit intercourse that shall reunite us, though oceans of space divide us. My love, it is hard to say good-by; but I must say it. You will kiss me, a last time, my darling?"

She clung to him in terror.

"So soon? You are cruel! you are so cruel! and I shall have to stay with him whom I hate—yes, hate!"

PAT'S LOVE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Och hone, and it's Biddy McClooney
For whom me sowl is disased,
And the heart in me head is grown looney,
And the brains in me bosom is crazed.
I have lost all me love for pertakes—
My affiction for inyuns and pork,
For she is the finest of ladies
That walks on the State of Ne' York.

Me life with her worship runs over,
Like a hod full of mortar; I'm sick;
And me moments with mineries of her
Are as full as a hod full of brick.
I think of her always and longer,
From night until morning, and back;
My love than good whiskey is stronger,
And burdens me down like a pack.

Her mouth is so sweet, and her kisses
Are the rarest and best of the sort;
And her voice, when she's washing the dishes,
Makes me jump like the cry of "More mort."
Her hair is as red as the raven's,
And faith don't I worship the same
When 'tis curled just like carpenter's shavings,
Or I see 'in the butter or crame!

Her eyes when she's mad they are frish,
And had they a voice they could speak,
She'd be the best of her sex, and that's Irish,
And she's thirty almost to a week.
She can take her hand from the table
In a way that could never be bate,
And I wish 'twas myself that was able
To buy all the victuals she'd ate.

She has sworn on a stack of pertakes
Some day to be mine she'd consent;
And shure as me name is O'Grades
If she should change her intent
I would grow to the weight of a shadder,
And hardly know what I was at;
I'd drop from a six-story ladder,
And make it the last of poor Pat.

Camp and Canoe;
OR,
LIFE IN THE CANADA WILDS.

BY C. D. CLARK.

VIII.—THE EAGLE'S NEST.

DAN, in his own natural infirmity, was always able to bring grief enough upon his head; but, when aided and abetted by Lyme Dewitt, he was capable of far greater foolishness. Lyme was always open to persuasion; any enterprise, which at the first blush seemed desperate and rash, changed as Dan's golden tongue talked about it, and, oblivious to the fact that he had barely escaped with his life the night before, and that his first lonely hunt had not resulted well in a financial point of view, he now contemplated greater deeds, and looked for new worlds to conquer. Ever since we had watched the counter of the eagle and fish-hawk, he had been bothering Fatty Brown with questions about eagles and their habits, and the old man had answered his questions, in the kind way natural to him.

For some days we hunted and fished about the banks of the lake, bringing in noble spoils, and waiting for the time when, by hunters' law, deer would be in season. We had noble sport with partridge, grouse, foxes, and the denizens of the lakes and streams. One day, as our canoes lay in a little sheltered bay, at the mouth of a nameless creek, and we were snapping the trout out of their watery beds at a great rate, our old guide saw the same pair of eagles which we had noticed a few days before, hovering over our heads, their broad wings beating the air slowly, as they floated lazily through the clear ether. A moment more, and the female bird stooped, and alighted half-way up the face of a bold cliff, which rose to a height of two hundred and fifty feet above the water. The face of the cliff was broken by irregular shelves here and there, which looked like seams upon its face, from the place where we sat.

"They nest up there," said Brown. "I'll bet any man a new bowie that there is a big nest on that ledge, and if I wasn't so old and fat I'd have the young birds, too. I used to have an eagle, and he lived ten years, and was the cunningest old chap you ever see. I'd like to train another if I only had the chance."

Nothing more was said, but I noticed an eager look upon Dan's face, and he again began to talk about eagles and their habits. We went back to camp with half a boat-load of noble trout and feasted royally; but, Dan was not easy, and could talk of nothing except eagles. Even after Fatty got out his violin and was playing his sweetest airs, this abandoned miscreant would interrupt him to ask if eagles were very ugly, when any one attempted to rob their nests.

"You try it on once!" was the suggestive reply of the old guide. "I've known of such a thing as their killing a man who was trying to rob them. Anyway, I'd as soon be kicked by a mule as have an eagle get a fair crack at me. And, see here: when I get out my fiddle and begin to play, I don't want no foolishness, nor I won't stand it, either. You shut up, Dan."

"Oh, go away, Dan!" was the universal chorus. "Don't force us to put you in the water. Try that piece over again, Brown."

So Fatty commenced again, and never man handled a bow to compare with him. We had planned an excursion to the north shore of the lake, where the ducks were said to congregate at this season, and the "butter-balls" were just coming on. We went to our blankets early, and after a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast, prepared for business, when, to our surprise, neither Dan nor Lyme wanted to go. Persuasion was of no use whatever. They would not go.

"You two are up to some deviltry, my boys," said Fatty. "I don't know what it is, and I reckon you won't tell me, but I will say this: you don't know the ways of the woods as well as I do, and you'd do better to stick by the guides. Will you come up the lake and hunt butter-balls? There's 'canvas' backs,' too; and black duck—only think what you are losing."

"I'm too tired," said Dan, yawning. "You'd better let us alone, you old dignitary; come, let up on it."

"Will you go, Lyme?" pleaded Fatty.

"I can't leave Dan," replied Lyme. "We'll take care of ourselves, old man."

"We'll bury you decently when we come back," said Brown. "Come along, boys; it's no use talking to them."

We got the fowling-pieces into the canoes, and then Pete Jr. offered to stay with them, but his services were declined in the most pointed manner. We were hardly well away from the point, when we saw them making active preparations for departure, bent upon some expedition which had its origin in the fertile brain of Printer Dan.

Their preparations were simple, and consisted in getting out a coil of rope which Lyme slung over his shoulder, an ax which Dan carried, and a pair of tree-climbers. Sticking to the shore of the lake closely, so as not to lose their way, Dan led along the shore toward the cliff where they had seen the eagle's nest. Half an hour later the two were perched upon the top of the cliff, watching the flight of the royal birds, sailing above them. At length,

seeming satisfied that all was right, the pair took flight and were soon mere black specks in the distance.

"Now is our time," said Dan. "That blamed Fatty made me a little shaky by talking about the way the eagles killed a man, somewhere, and I'm mighty glad they are out of the way. Let's make the rope fast."

Fifty feet down the cliff they could see a bunch of sticks projecting from the ledge, and knew that this must be the nest of the eagle. Did it contain young birds? Of course it was impossible to say with any certainty, but it was highly probable, as the birds had carried the fish to their eyrie, after robbing the hawks. The rope they had brought was a stout one, nearly eighty feet in length, and, after fastening one end securely to a small mountain pine, Dan threw the other end over the cliff. Then, flinging a basket over his shoulder, he prepared to descend.

"Now you watch out, Lyme," he said, "and if you see the old 'uns coming back, sing out to me."

Lyme promised, and Dan, getting a firm clutch on the rope, below the place where it touched the rocks, swung himself over—and began his descent. Lyme lay down on his face, peering down at him fixedly, forgetting all about the old birds, in his interest in Dan's proceedings. As Printer Dan had lived in a seaport town all his life, he was something of a sailor, and knew how to go down a rope. Lyme watched him breathlessly until he landed safely upon the ledge, and took the basket from his back. He disappeared for a moment beneath the shelving rocks, and the next moment his victorious whoop was heard.

"What luck?" roared Lyme.

"Bully! Two young birds."

The screams of the young eagles were heard as Dan hastened to secure them, and place them in the basket, preparatory to being hauled up by Lyme. While thus engaged, the screams of the young eaglets had borne fruit. Two black spots were falling like meteors from the sky, but neither Dan nor Lyme took note of this; they were too busy in getting ready to haul up the young birds. There came a rushing sound, and Dan threw up his arm to shield his head against the rush of the male



Little Lola—"That's her!" said Bill, savagely.

eagle, which, with a wild scream, suddenly assailed him, dashing him back against the rocks. Catching up a fragment of rock, he hurled it at the bird with all his power, and shouted to Lyme to throw him a club. But Lyme had other work upon his hands, for the female bird, rightly judging him to be a party to the assault upon their home, had attacked him vigorously. Lyme caught up the ax and repelled the attack as well as he could, striking now with the edge and then with the helve, whenever the fierce bird made a new attack. But, armed as he was, it was all he could do to keep off his assailant, without giving any aid to Dan, who, weaponless, was waging war with the male bird below—and having a bitter time of it! If he tried to drag a stick out of the nest, he exposed his head to the talons and beak of the enemy. Wheeling in and out near the rocky wall, darting rapidly to the right hand or the left, eluding his blows skillfully, and watching an opportunity to attack, while sharp screams of rage announced his fury—the mad eagle kept at work. Dan shouted again and again to Lyme, but he was calling to a man who had his hands full—and something more!

Dan's scalp already displayed two or three long, irregular cuts, inflicted by the talons of the eagle, and he began to despair. His hands were cut and bleeding in a dozen places, and he was getting bewildered. On came the savage bird again, and he was beaten to his knees. He struggled up and hurled a stone feebly at his adversary, which struck him on the breast and turned him back, but only for a moment, for he came on again with a defiant scream. Dan had no strength to resist, and could only lift his bleeding hands to guard his head, when a rifle cracked, and the eagle fell upon him—shot through the heart! And, far below, rock-shot through the heart! Dan shouted again and again to Lyme, but he was calling to a man who had his hands full—and something more!

The old guide ascended the rocks, and assisted Lyme in hauling Dan up from the ledge. He walked down to the canoe in moody silence, refusing to look at the basket which Lyme carried on his arm. He was no longer interested in eagles—but, if any one will take the trouble to walk into Will Seaton's studio, he will see two bald-headed eagles facing each other upon the wall. They were the two who died in defending their young, on the face of the lofty cliff.

Nothing tends to endear the memory of a great man to his surviving friends, as the fact that he left a vacant seat to be filled by one of them.

How He Came to Marry Her.

BY LUCILLE HOLLS.

DEYO ESTERLY's proud, mocking, gray eyes had looked upon the snows of twenty-eight winters and the verdure of as many summers; moreover, they had feasted upon the fairest scenes and faces of the hemispheres. And, lastly, their owner had returned to his American home with luxuriant whiskers, face bronzed by travel, and a *soupeon de ennui* in his courtly manners, called here by the sudden death of his surviving parent and his consequent inheritance of much wealth. Gracefully he accepted the fortune Fate threw to his hands, and leisurely set himself the task of seeking a woman fitted to share it.

He was tired of travel, and was the last of a proud, wealthy family, and it seemed good to him that he should set up an establishment in keeping with his name and station. But he did not mean to hurry matters; he had an ideal that he must find, and, finding, should marry. During ten years of wandering, and flirting, and mad enjoyment, when he had left an image of his stately form and handsome face seared upon many a woman's heart, he had been fashioning her, the woman that he meant one day to marry.

She must be a creamy-hued, passionate-eyed woman of some southern land; he hated fair, cold Saxon beauty. But, while this ideal of his must have the passion of southern nights in her eyes, the heat of southern climes in her veins, the fire of southern skies in her heart, she must be marble in manners, high-born, haughty, and hard to win. Brilliant, successful Deyo Esterly had a fair share of his sex's conceit, and it never occurred to him that he could fail to conquer any woman's heart.

So he waited for his star to shine upon him, and lived, meanwhile, a life of blissful leisure; and enjoyed himself to the full, from his delicate twelve o'clock breakfasts to the sunrises when he sought dreamland behind the folds of silken curtains, after nights of music, and dancing, and excitement, and love-making. For, despite his resolve to marry only the ideal he had portrayed, he did not hesitate to play

gem of a cottage, and met Mrs. Tremere, Hugo's gentle widowed sister-in-law, her rollicking little cubs, and Sydney Carhassie.

"Walk into my parlor," Esterly, and make yourself as miserable as you please, while I hunt up Ruthie and some servants. It is evident my telegram hasn't arrived. These little fishing hamlets are beastly places to reach with communications from the outer world."

Deyo threw open the door to the airy little saloon—with its wind-tossed laces, its bamboo matting and furniture, and velvet rugs, and stands of foliage and books, and surprised Sydney Carhassie running her fingers lightly over the piano and humming a tune.

"Do not, I beg of you, let me interrupt you; I should be delighted to hear you sing," he said, as Miss Carhassie started at the entrance of a stranger.

"Oh! no, you would not," she laughed, gayly, swiftly and gracefully arranging a chair for him, and throwing herself, with native careless abandon, into a low rocker opposite. "In voice I'm not even a rival of the frogs one generally hears in the country of a night. If I could sing one piece, Yankee Doodle or a Te Deum, I should try to delight you."

Deyo was spared the necessity of an answer to this young lady—whom he considered decidedly "bad style" in beauty and manners—by the appearance of Hugo and Mrs. Tremere.

"My sister, Mrs. Tremere, Deyo, Ruthie, this is my old chum of Heidelberg, Deyo Esterly."

"Whom I am delighted to meet," and then—"Gentlemen, my cousin, Miss Carhassie."

Sydney bowed, and Mrs. Tremere continued.

"I'm so annoyed that we failed to receive your telegram, for I could have sent the carriage over to Hastings and saved you the horrid ride and walk. Hugo, you know your room is kept sacred for you; will you kindly show Mr. Esterly to the one adjoining it, while I order lunch?"

The gentlemen came down to the coolest of dining-rooms, and the most delicious of lunches, which Sydney Carhassie enlivened by her comic speeches, her genuine, rippling fun,

away, and no one at Storm-view hinted of leaving it.

A warm July twilight found Deyo Esterly and Sydney in a sail-boat upon the bay. Very suddenly, it seemed to the two, the heavens gathered blackness, the lightning shivered, the thunder crashed, and the waves surged angrily, gleaming with phosphorescent light. In that hour of danger Deyo Esterly learned, when his arms went around Syd's slight form, and the generally cool girl resigned herself to his protecting clasp, that the wild fever that suddenly rioted in his veins was a passion more torrid, more real, more unquenchable, than aught he had ever known before; and it forced words to his lips that remembrance of other vows should have restrained.

If Sydney was a blonde, and had none of the reposeful manners that fastidious Mr. Esterly's ideal had, she was a girl who, having once won love, had the rare gift of holding its ardor uncooled, indeed of constantly intensifying it. July faded to August, Deyo living in a delirium of blissful intoxication that he knew was the result of the passion he had affected to disbelieve; then other visitors came to Storm-view.

One morning, upon the sands, Sydney heard some light gossip which brought her a revelation. Deyo found her there, alone, a minute later.

"Syd—Great heavens! what has happened? Love, my love, what is it?"

She was white as the up-flung foam, and her eyes met his—all mischievousness, all tenderness gone—gleaming scornfully, convulsively.

"Deyo, is it true that you were engaged when you came here?"

The change in his face answered her, and she continued:

"How mistaken I have been in one whom I thought noble!"

"Sydney," he said, hotly yet sternly, "you shall not speak so," and he caught her in his arms, holding her closely and speaking with more earnestness than he had ever felt before in all his gay, untroubled life. "I was engaged, but I did not love, nor even believe in love. You have taught me its reality, therefore I hold no other claim upon me binding."

She put up her hand, and entangled it amid his luxuriant whiskers, and pushed his bronze hair away from his brow, and drew it lovingly across his face, all the time steadying herself for something she had to say. Then she spoke calmly, resolutely, with tones that admitted no protest:

"You are wrong, Deyo. You engaged yourself knowingly, freely, and have no right to make another suffer the consequences. You must marry Miss Wortendyke. Good-by."

She sped away over the sands, and at dinner Mrs. Tremere announced that Miss Carhassie had returned to the city.

Deyo Esterly realized each day how intensely he had loved, and knew that the future held no happiness for him unless Sydney Carhassie shared it. Yet pride was strong within him, and Sydney's decree exposed him to a powerful temptation. In a few weeks would come back magnificent Irma Wortendyke; and Deyo could not help thinking how regally she would reign in the splendid, ancestral home of the Esterlys. Should he relinquish his long-sought ideal, and put in her stead wild Sydney Carhassie?

But Deyo Esterly—if supercilious and proud—was a true man at heart, and he resolved to tell Irma the truth and wed the woman he loved. In the mean time he did not seek Sydney; he was so sure of her love, and her strength, he could afford to wait until he could seek her to claim her as his wife. But one day he was near Storm-view, and there came a sudden desire to call on Mrs. Tremere and thus hear some little word of the girl he meant so soon to honor with a gift of life and name.

Mrs. Tremere was out driving, a servant announced, so Deyo wandered over to the cliff and threw himself down on the short, crisp grass. He slept there, and dreamed. Was he dreaming still that Sydney Carhassie's voice floated softly up to him?

"Yes, Hugo, I did nearly lose my heart with Deyo Esterly, and now that I so freely confess it, do you still wish me to promise?"

"Indeed I do, Syd! Deyo can never be any thing to you; I can and will be every thing; and in my love you will find forgetfulness, and I hope, contentment. If I am so anxious to take the risk of finding, in marriage with you, perfect joy, surely you will not decree it otherwise!"

The answer did not reach Deyo, as he lay there with a pain at his heart. So Syd could not trust to his faithfulness, and was letting Hugo woo her. Well, he would settle affairs to-night; and he mentally blessed the kind fortune that had sent him there ere his love was irretrievably lost to him. Slowly he went back to the cottage, where Mrs. Tremere gave him a gracious welcome.

"Hugo and Sydney are here, Mr. Esterly. I think Storm-view is a decided magnet this season." She took out her watch. "Quite dinner-time; those trunks ought to be in from their sail by this time."

So Deyo thought; but half an hour, three-quarters, nearly an hour elapsed before they returned. Mrs. Tremere and Deyo had dined, and were sitting upon the veranda in the soft-falling evening, as the two came up the walk.

"You naughty girl and boy! and here is Mr. Esterly!" exclaimed Ruthie.

They were upon the steps now, near enough for Deyo to see the pallor that settled upon Sydney's face creeping even over the scarlet line of her lips. A pallor mated by that on his own face a moment later.

"Deyo, you here, old fellow! Awfully glad to see you. Ruthie, Esterly, allow me to present my wife to you, Mrs. Hugo Tremere."

The tide of scarlet rolled back over Sydney's face, her eyes gleamed, and her lips were sternly set, as she kissed Mrs. Tremere and gave her hand to Deyo; and in the twilight the party sat and talked in the calm fashion that well-bred people never lose, though there was death in two hearts despite their painful throbbing. They went in late, Sydney and Deyo passing through the doorway last and together.

"You have slain a love to-night and buried it!" Esterly said, low and intensely. "I thought you could trust me through the few weeks that I must wait to come back to you free."

"God help you, and forgive me!" she whispered.

That was all. Such dramas oftenest end in a lifetime of regret.

Deyo Esterly meets the Tremeres in society, and his ideal, Irma Wortendyke, now his wife, is on visiting terms with Sydney. And, perhaps, the stately Mrs. Esterly is the happiest, in her ignorance, of the four.

"NONE knew him but to trust him, nor named him but to dun," is the pathetic sentence with which a Delaware merchant closes an advertisement for a missing customer.